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A ROMAN BOURBON OF THE FIFTH CENTURY

It is a constant complaint of scholars in modern times that the ancients in their writings so often neglect to tell us just the things we are most eager to know. Modern historians very unjustly but naturally find fault with Livy for never giving the text of his authorities or the exact wording of the treaties with the Sabines and Samnites, and for neglecting to be careful in sketching the constitutional history of Rome. What would the philologist not give for some accurate notes of the languages of Gaul and Britain, which Cæsar, with his talents and opportunities, could so easily have taken, if bridge building and unnatural zoölogy had not interested him more. Horace treats us better in some of his Satires, but I think every reader of his famous "Journey from Rome to Brundisium" must confess to a great disappointment. We can combine the hints he gives us, it is true, into something of a picture of Italian wayfaring life in the first century B.C., yet it is but a meagre one. We know who his companions were, the towns they passed through, and the number of days consumed, and there are some passages of humorous description. Still, compared with what one might expect, the treatment of the whole journey is dry, hard, and thin. It is at the opposite pole from the journey-diary of another famous humorist, and that, too, written by a dying man—Fielding's rich and delightful *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*.

But to make up for Horace's failure, we have another description of travelling in Italy, this time from a writer of the latest age of Roman literature. His being so very far post-classical

may be an added attraction to those of us who take a special interest in the so-called periods of transition (if all periods are not so)—those centuries when a new religious or political system is growing up amidst the decay of an old one. It is rather seldom that we can find in such times an author who reflects in his work the self-criticism of the period. And in a self-absorbed age like ours the first demand made on a poet is, "Tell us what your generation thinks of itself." In this case we have the good fortune to be told how one member at least of the Roman aristocracy judged the troublous years of the conquest of Rome by the Goths.

It is easy for us to see now that the capture of Rome by Alaric marks a real epoch. For sixty-six years thereafter, a shadowy line of rulers continued to call themselves Augustus, but their names mean nothing. Who remembers that the throne of Octavian, Trajan, and Diocletian was ever held by Anthemius, Olybrius, and Glycerinus? Only little Romulus Augustulus has been saved by his pathetic name from being utterly forgotten. As we see it, the Empire was crumbling, caving in, in every direction. There are the most astonishing evidences of this. The extreme weakness of the once mighty government is shown most clearly by the failure of the public service in all its branches. For generations it had been the function of the imperial officials to feed the population of Rome as well as recruit and supply the legions. The Rome of the later Empire depended for her existence on the command of the sea and regular supplies of grain from Africa. The gathering of supplies (corn, oil, pork, and wine) employed armies of public servants organized in hereditary guilds, the members of which were confined for life to their callings. Born a state baker, a cow-boy, a swineherd, or a deck-hand, only by flight and hiding could a man open a door to another calling. But now endless dishonesty and evasion in the officials and despair on the part of the subordinates kept the government continually anxious, while Gildo ravaged Africa and Alaric blockaded Rome. It was the same with the department of Roads and Posting Service. The roads needed constant attention, and the depredations of the wandering barbarians prevented repairs, even if the poverty of

the Government or the corruption of the officials had not done so. It was these roads that had made the Empire a possibility. Two hundred years before, travelling and communication had been easier between distant parts of Europe than it would ever be again till at least the Napoleonic era. But now the whole service was declining. The muleteers, veterinaries, and wagon-smiths were being withdrawn to become serfs on the landed estates of the rich, and the increasing burden of taxation for the support of the roads was driving the provincials to despair. The breaking down of transportation was only one of the difficulties of the military administration. We see here the combined panic and stolid selfish indifference that comes to light everywhere when a war begins to seem endless.

Landed proprietors had been for a quarter of a century compelled to furnish recruits in proportion to the size of their estates. But at the height of the war against the rebel Gildo in Africa, which was reducing the capital city to starvation, the senators, the capitalist class, resisted in a body the call on them for troops. This was thirteen years before the fall of Rome. Nine years later the Government took again the step which had not been thought necessary before, since the Marcomannic War of Marcus Aurelius — the slaves were called to arms by the offer of a bounty and emancipation. Ever since the third century, when the Emperor Gallienus had from suspicion forbidden the Senators to seek careers in the army, the military profession had been falling in esteem. The ordinary citizen had long since been forbidden to bear arms. It had been the policy of the Government to prevent sedition by dividing absolutely the military from the civil authority, and reducing the general population to helpless dependence on the army, which was now composed of barbarians and officered largely by them. The chief commands were in the hands of Goths, Franks, Vandals, and other Germans, though we find also Persians and Huns. To prevent desertion, common soldiers were branded on entering the service. But branding was of so little avail that in the eighteen years before and after the fall of Rome, Honorius issued nine edicts against desertion. To escape military service men mutilated themselves. Also we must remember that this

time was the period of the wildest passion for the monastic life. Cowardice, despair, and religious zeal drove hundreds to the wilderness and the anchorite's cell. The officers were instructed to drag back to the eagles the soldiers who had deserted in order to become hermits.

Meanwhile, the ruin spread by the barbarians, the still worse oppression of the tax-gatherer, and the opportunity presented by the weakness of the Government, made robbery and brigandage rife. The country swarmed with robbers. Shepherd and robber are used almost as synonyms in the legislation of the time. Finally, the general impotence of the makers and executives of the law is shown by the frequency, nervous irritation, and fearful severity of the edicts which the Emperors launched in almost frantic succession at the abuses of the time. The most striking characteristic of these later Emperors is their equal desire to aid society and impotence to control it. Instead of the conventional, diffuse, impenetrably verbose and repetitious language of the law, the later edicts are often so fiery and passionate that they seem as if written to hand down to posterity the misery of the age. Again and again, desertion, peculation, and oppression are threatened with the severest punishments. Branding, beating with rods, confiscation of property, mutilation by loss of hands or eyes, even the avenging flames of the stake are all invoked — and in vain. The times were hopelessly out of joint.

How far did the intelligent classes see this? St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and the historian Orosius give us the Christian view with some fullness. But what of the heathen? In the almost total silence of the Roman pagan aristocracy, we have one witness of great importance and there are few indications that he considered the evils of the times as anything more than temporary disorders, in a system working, on the whole, as well as ever. In the year 416 Rutilius Claudius Namatianus, a Gaul of noble birth who had filled the offices of *Magister Officiorum* (Steward of the Palace) and *Prefect of the City*, set out on a return journey from Rome to Gaul to look after his estates, which had been devastated by the Goths under Alaric's successor, Ataulf. Either on the way or soon after, Rutilius wrote

in elegiac verse a journal of his voyage home, of which there remain one whole book and the beginning of the second — in all, seven hundred and twelve verses describing the first part of the journey up the coast of Italy from Rome to Pisa. This first stage of the journey consumed only six days of actual travel, but much time was spent in waiting for fair winds and in visiting points of interest *en route*, as well as the villas of aristocratic friends. Rutilius was a man of high education, with interest in history, antiquities, and scenery, so that two months after leaving Rome he had got no further than Luna (the modern Carrara), one day's journey from Pisa.

In the year 416 A.D., the date of the journey, Honorius, the son of Theodosius, was Emperor of the West, with his seat of government at Ravenna. For generations, Milan rather than Rome had been the Italian residence of the Emperors, but now Ravenna was safer on account of its situation among the marshes at the mouth of the Po. Twenty-five years before, Theodosius had forbidden any and all pagan worship. It was just a year since, in the eastern half of the Empire, Hypatia had been torn to pieces by monks in the Serapeum at Alexandria, and eight years since Honorius had excluded all pagans from public office in the Western half. The Church was at last victorious over the World, but not without making a truce with the Flesh and the Devil. Rome had been captured by Alaric six years before Rutilius's journey. These two events, the Fall of Rome and the Fall of Paganism, the whole world agreed must stand in some connection with each other. The old gods were cast out, and the capital of the world, everlasting Rome, after nearly twelve hundred years of dated history, had been taken by the barbarians. St. Augustine was that very year writing his *City of God*, to confute the heathen who asserted that Rome had fallen because of Christianity. And at Bethlehem, already crowded with pilgrims to the holy places of the conquering religion, St. Jerome was translating the Scriptures into Latin. How late in the history of the Empire Rutilius writes can be most easily appreciated by remembering that Marcus Aurelius, the end of whose reign Gibbon chooses as the signal for the decline of Rome, had been dead nearly two centuries and a

half, and that the year 416 is as near to Charlemagne as to Augustus.

It is interesting to find in this last of the Roman poets the finest appreciation of Roman greatness. As Rutilius leaves the city by the Ostian gate, he bids farewell to Rome in the following words — the last noblest cry of Roman Imperialism:—

Hear me, O Queen of the World, most beautiful Roma, who sittest enthroned among the stars. Hear me, Mother of men and Mother of the Gods, whose temples lift us almost into heaven. Thee do I sing, and will sing as long as life endures, for no man can live and yet forget thee. Sooner could I forget the sun, than my heart be guilty of forgetting the glory of Rome. Thy benefits are spread abroad as far as the sun's rays, to the edge of the ocean which girds the earth. Phœbus himself, who spans the world, rises from Roman waves only to set in Roman waves again. The burning sands of Libya have not blocked thy march, nor the North star, armored with ice. As far as the world is habitable, from north to south, so far has Roman valor penetrated. Out of the diverse and lawless races of mankind thou hast made one country, and they have found that it was to their own advantage to be reduced to thy dominion, for when they submit, they are admitted into partnership in Roman law. What was once the world (*Orbem*) thou hast converted into the Eternal City (*Urbem*).

Mars and Venus are the Gods we claim as the parents of our race; Venus the mother of the sons of Æneas, Mars the father of the children of Romulus. Clemency redeems from harshness the mailed strength of thy conquering heroes, and both Mars and Venus have moulded thy character, O Rome. From them hast thou received thy love of combat and of mercy. Whom Rome fears, she conquers; whom she has conquered, she loves.

Minerva we worship for giving men the gift of the olive, Bacchus for the gift of wine; altars are dedicated to Medicine for her healing art, and Hercules, the benefactor of mankind, became a god. So hast thou, too, O Rome, embraced the whole world within the scope of the laws which follow thy triumphant legions, and makest all men to live together under one government.

Thee, Goddess, thee, the uttermost ends of the earth, now Roman territory, join in celebrating, and the necks of the free rejoice to wear the yoke of peace.

Never have the eternal courses of the stars seen a nobler empire. What realm can be compared with thine? The Medes succeeded in subduing their neighbors and including the territory of Assyria in their own. After them the Persians and Macedonians and Parthians erected mighty kingdoms one after the other. But when thy career began, it was not superiority of courage or strength, but rather greater wisdom and justice, that gave thee the victory. Just were the causes of thy wars, and peace brought no haughtiness, and so thy glory mounted ever higher, till at last it reached the pitch and summit of power. That thou art Empress of the world is less than that thou deservest thy Empire. Great as was the sway promised thee by destiny, what thou hast done is greater still.

It were a wearisome task to count the endless trophies, statues, triumphal chariots, and crowned victories that decorate the roofs of thy temples and the arches of thy invincible generals, which as they glitter in the sunlight confound the gaze that lingers upon them. Such, I suppose, must be the homes of the Gods. And then the rivers that flow suspended in air over the arches of the aqueducts, high as the rainbow itself could hardly lift them. Looking at the masses of those aqueducts, one would say they were the mountains piled heaven-high by giant hands, told of in the fables of the Greeks. Entire rivers are thus deflected and brought into the walls of Rome, and the lofty Baths consume the waters of whole lakes. But no less is thy own soil rich in native fountains, and thy walls are musical with the sound of dripping water, whose cool breath tempers the burning heat of summer, and whose clear stream quenches the traveller's thirst. Why, when of old the Sabines had bribed Tarpeia and were just about to overwhelm the city, suddenly a fountain of boiling water gushed from thy soil and blocked the path of the invaders. Had that hot spring continued to flow, I should suppose it a mere accident; surely, it was divinely sent to aid the Romans, for its waters returned beneath the earth.

How can I tell further of thy palaces, with their panelled halls alternating with pillared courts surrounding groves of trees in whose branches the birds build their nests and warble their changing notes. The whole year feels the blandishments of Spring in those palaces, and baffled Winter stands and gazes on thy luxury.

Lift again thy laurel-crowned locks, O Roma, and let thy sacred head put off the hue of old age for the luxuriant

tresses of youth. Again let thy crown of towers flash forth its golden rays, once more the boss of thy golden shield vomit forth its deathless thunderbolt! Erase the memory of thy injuries, and so hide their melancholy depth. Contempt of pain can best heal old wounds. Hath it not ever been thy wont to hope for success even in the midst of calamity? Like the signs of heaven, thou undergoest losses that but enrich thee. The flaming stars renew by their setting the force they have expended since rising, and thou seest how the moon waneth only to wax again. Brennus defeated us on the banks of the Allia, yet his punishment was but postponed; beaten by Pyrrhus in defeat after defeat, still thou sawest him flee at last; Hannibal himself lived to weep his own successes. What can not sink must rise with all the greater energy, and rebound but the higher from the lower depth. Thy torch is but lowered for the moment; when it hath caught all the more vigorous blaze, it will shine the brighter, and thou wilt seek a still higher destiny. Continue, then, to send into the world thy laws, destined to live for a Roman, for an eternal, future, for thou alone hast naught to fear from the distaffs of the Fates. Though a thousand years three score and nine have passed, yet shall thy years succeed each other in an endless race as long as the world standeth, as long as the vault of heaven beareth aloft the stars; for what dissolveth other empires serveth but to renew thy strength, and the order of thy rebirth is thy ability to grow stronger with defeat.

Up, then. Let the nation which has been guilty of sacrilege supply the expiatory sacrifice, let the Goths tremble and bow their traitorous necks, and pay rich tribute as the price of peace, enriching with the barbarians' spoil the treasury of the Augusti. So let thy prosperity return, and to the end of time let men plough on the banks of the Rhine for thee, and the inundations of the Nile serve thy convenience, the fertile fields of the whole world feeding their feeder. Yea, Africa too shall pour her rich harvest into thy bosom,—Africa, whose naturally fertile soil is watered only by the rain borne down on the north wind from the hills of Italy. Meanwhile, let the granaries be rebuilt over the territories of Latium and the wine-presses of Italy flow again with their delicious nectar. Then shall Father Tiber himself, his brows wreathed with his triumphal reeds, bid his subservient waves obey the necessities of the sons of Romulus, and his banks shall behold in peace the passing up and down of the tide of thy commerce,

as the ships bring down the products of Italy and bring up the cargoes of the countries over seas.

It was Alaric's capture of Ostia that had enabled him to starve Rome into submission. This must have been vividly before Rutilius's mind during the fifteen days he waited at Ostia for fair winds to take him up the coast. The havoc of Ataulf's Goths in Etruria had prevented his using the land route. But the capture of Rome had not taken away the love of pleasure any more than similar calamities have done at other times. While waiting at Ostia, the traveller heard, or through loving fancy thought he could hear, the thunders of applause from the Circus Maximus and the crowded theatres, for it was September and the Ludi Romani were going on. The passion for the circus was so strong that we are told the Christians of Carthage were cheering the rival charioteers while the Vandals were blockading the city in the final siege.

Thus far Rutilius had been accompanied by his cousin Palladius, a Gallic law-student in Rome. Palladius, however, now returned to his studies, and the next day Rutilius and his train set out in several small boats, for he preferred, since it was autumn, to go in boats that would not be too small for any harbor.

Here the itinerary begins. They pass Alsium, Pyrgi, Caere, and a place called Castrum Inui. Rutilius is here interested in a rude little statue standing before the old gate of the half-ruined town. The inscription was obliterated, but it was evident that the figure was one of the pastoral god, Inuus, a sort of Priapus deity, who, he says, may be either Pan, who has left Mænalus for Tuscany, or Faunus, haunting his own native forest glades.

The next stop is Civita Vecchia, called then Centumcellæ, the harbor of which he describes as protected by a mole with two towers, and furnished with inner and outer docks. There is a point of interest near Centumcellæ, the Thermæ Taurinæ, a ring that owed its origin to a bull striking its horns into the soil. He adds that it may of course have been a god-bull, like the one that carried off Europa—the Greeks should not be

allowed to monopolize all miracles — Helicon owes its origin to a horse's hoof, etc.

The next day they sail along a lonely coast past the mouth of the Minio, and the cities of Graviscae and Cosa in the marshy district of the Maremma. Cosa, he says, is but a heap of ruins—the inhabitants were driven out by a plague of rats, so says the tradition. This, however, he is equally skeptical about and declares he could as easily believe the war of the Pygmies and Cranes. The next stop is Herculis Portus, now Porto Ercole. Here Rutilius visits the remains of the camp of Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, where he is led to moralize on the evil fate that clings to the name of Lepidus, as shown by the careers of the first Lepidus; his son, the triumvir, shorn of his power by Octavian; his grandson, executed for conspiracy by Octavian; and the fourth, the brother-in-law of Caligula, executed for adultery with Caligula's sister, Agrippina. This constant succession of disaster and shame, connected with the name Marcus Æmilius Lepidus through more than a century, makes Rutilius inquire: "Am I to suppose that a certain kind of character is developed from the influence of a name (Lepidus means Pretty-man), or rather that certain names follow certain characters? However that be, there is a marvelous sequence in Roman history, disasters perpetually recurring from the name of Lepidus."

From Herculis Portus the travellers sight next the peninsula Argentaria (Monte Argentaro), six miles across the neck, thirty-six miles in circuit, which he compares with the Isthmus of Corinth. Rounding this they come in sight of the wooded height of the island of Igilium (Giglio), where, Rutilius tells us, many took refuge from Rome and successfully repelled the attacks of Alaric's Goths — assisted "*loci ingenio seu domini genio*"—"by the lay of the land and the divine fortune of its lord,"—that is, Honorius, still a god to pious pagans. The first consideration, doubtless, was the more decisive, though, he adds, in the rhetoric of his age, "the Goths, horsemen though they were, inspired fear with their ships contrary to the laws of nature, and had in terrene war laid waste many a sea."

From Giglio they skirt the mouth of the Umbro, no inconsiderable stream, which forms a safe retreat from storms. Here

he wishes to land for the night, but, overborne by the crew, proceeds, only to be overtaken by darkness and forced by a sudden calm to land and spend the night on the beach, where they rig a tent with oars and boat-hook, and build a fire of myrtle.

At dawn they set sail again and sight Ilva (Elba), famed for its iron mines. This opportunity Rutilius improves with a panegyric on iron as compared in the uses of civilization with gold. He may have been aware that his subject was not treated for the first time, for he adds that only the slow progress of the boat, under oars alone, as the rowers timed their strokes to a rude chant, made him while away his time with this economic theme. Their boat, he says, seemed to stand still, though making progress, and only by watching the receding island could he persuade himself they were moving at all.

Landing for the next stop at Faleria, the party amused themselves ashore, where a rustic festival was in progress — a celebration of the resurrection of Osiris and the fructification of the seed through him. The place was adorned with a park and fish ponds, which the ever-interested Rutilius describes as delightful, with various compartments in which the fish darted merrily hither and thither through the shallow water. There was a charm about the retreat that was particularly grateful to them after their confinement in the boat, but it was, we learn, more than overbalanced by the disagreeable landlord — worse, Rutilius calls him, than Antiphates, the ogre king of the Læstrygonians in the *Odyssey*. This lessee and caretaker of the place was a fault-finding Jew, “an animal that refuses to touch the food all men eat. He charged us for the shrubbery we disturbed, the damage to the seaweed we struck with our sticks, and cried out that the water we drank was a huge expense to him. We returned the insults the filthy race deserves — people who haven’t any more decency than to circumcise themselves. Root of folly — they hug their cold Sabbaths to their hearts, and their hearts are colder still than their creed. Every seventh day they damn to disgraceful sloth — degenerate conception of the deity — as if God could ever be weary! As for their other crazy notions, the product of lies and fanaticism, no sensible boy would believe them. Ah, if only Judea had never been

conquered in the wars of Pompey and Titus! Now, since the stamping out of this pestiferous race, their contagion spreads but the wider, and the conquered nation inflicts its yoke on the conquerors."

Rowing from Faleria against a head-wind, the convoy passes the ruined city of Populonia, one of those mentioned by Macaulay in *Horatius*, in the list he draws from Vergil's catalogue of the Trojans and their allies. Rutilius mentions that it had no lighthouse, but merely a castle (*castellum*) built by the men of old on a cliff overhanging the sea—a position well adapted to the double purpose of a defence and a beacon. Otherwise, there were no monuments of a former age to be seen, the mighty walls had been consumed by the tooth of time (*consumpsit tempus edax*), only vestiges of the former battlements remaining, and the houses of the city lay hidden in heaps of rubbish. "Let us not, then," he adds, "be indignant that mortal bodies dissolve away, when we perceive by such examples that even cities are subject to death."

The next land sighted is Corsica, which begins the next morning to show its hazy mountains, whose peaks, visible through the like-colored clouds that cap them, seem to tower higher than they really are. He mentions a tradition that it was discovered by a woman named Corsa, who came seeking her herd of cattle, which had swum over from the mainland.

The course is continued past Corsica, and the "Isle of Goats" (Capraria) now Capraia, rises on the horizon. "It is an ugly island," the sturdy pagan continues, "full of light-shunning men. They call themselves by a Greek name—Solitaries (*Monachi*), because they wish to live alone where no man can see them. They dread the gifts of fortune, for fear of the losses she may bring. Who could believe men would deliberately choose to be miserable in order to escape the possibility of becoming so! What folly of perverse insanity equal to their fear of ill, and inability to enjoy good. Whether it is that they have the consciousness of being jail-birds, and so voluntarily assume the punishment they deserve, or because their gloomy souls are swoln with black bile, I know not. At any rate, Homer attributes to the disease of too much bile Bellerophon's

despair, for that youth, he says, raged at the wounds his bitter grief inflicted till he hated all the race of men."

Volaterræ, the next place mentioned, is of interest for the description of the channel he gives — a channel between shifting sand-banks, marked out by stake-buoys, to which bushes of laurel were tied, "conspicuous with the branching foliage of their boughs." The same extemporized buoys are common on our Southern rivers.

Delayed at Volaterræ by adverse westwinds and torrents of rain, Rutilius was entertained at the villa of his friend Albinus, who had succeeded him in the office of Prefect of the City of Rome. From Rutilius's words in this passage — *Iura meæ continuata togæ* we learn that the toga, from being the daily dress of the citizen of the Republic, and then the formal dress for state occasions, as in the early Empire, had become a robe of office. Near Albinus's villa were salt-pans, where sea-water was evaporated on a large scale. These give an opportunity for description of the crust, and a comparison with the frozen Danube. To natural philosophers is left to explain how it is that the heat of the sun can have such opposite effects upon ice and brine. Another friend also, Victorinus of Toulouse, residing in Tuscany since the capture of Toulouse by Ataulf, King of the Visigoths, delights Rutilius by meeting him here at Albinus's house. This Victorinus had been Vicar of the Pretorian Prefect of Gaul and Illustrious Count of the Sacred Court — titles which like many others in the poem reflect the change from the ancient to the mediæval world.

Halfway between Corsica and Pisa lies the island of Gorgo (Gorgona), a spot Rutilius mentions with horror. It had been the seat of a Gallic anchorite. "I turned with loathing from those cliffs," he writes, "the monument of a recent loss; here a fellow-citizen of mine had died a living death. For only lately a young man of my acquaintance, of good family, wealth, and high connections, driven by the Furies, forsook mankind and the face of the earth, and in his superstition exiled himself to this shameful lair. The poor wretch deemed that the heavenly part of man feeds upon squalor, and treated himself more cruelly than even the insulted gods might have done. Now, I ask you,

does this sect fall any whit short of Circe's poisons? In her day it was men's bodies that were transformed into those of swine, now it is their souls."

It is this personal grudge he feels against monasticism, which at this period (one year after the murder of Hypatia) was reaching the flood-tide of its popularity, that makes Rutilius so bitter against the system. Fierce as his scorn for monks and Jews always is, we feel more and more as we read his repeated praises of his friends, that Rutilius has a heart as warm as his prejudices are deep. Not only are Palladius and his father, Exuperantius, Albinus, and Victorinus¹ and Protadius¹ warmly praised, but at Pisa the sight of a statue to his father, Lachanius, moves him to tears. Lachanius, he says, had been *Consularis Tusciae* (*consularis* meaning not ex-consul, for the consulship was now a mere title without duties, but provincial governor) and also *Quaestor Principis* (a sort of secretary to the Emperor) Count of the Sacred Largesses and City Prefect. Of all these offices, however, he had been proudest of his Tuscan honors, and Rutilius found testimony to his great popularity not only in the complimentary verses inscribed on his statue in the Forum of Pisa, but also on every hand along the Flaminian Road throughout Tuscany. The whole province, he says, was true to the good old ways, and honored his father and Decius, the son of the talented Satirist, Lucillus. Lucillus's works have not come down to us — a great loss indeed, if Rutilius's judgment is just, which ranks him with Juvenal. "Lucillus's censorious file," he says, "restored the lost sense of honor men possessed of old, and while it attacked the evil-doer, taught men to be good." Then comes a vivid passage about the grafters of the time, which illustrates how consistently and expressively the ancient civilization spoke the language of mythology, where ours talks in terms of natural science. As Frank Norris dubs the Interests

¹ The names of Rutilius's Gallic friends, with their mingling of Greek and Latin, are characteristic of the later Empire. It was a time when a bishop of Milan was called Ambrosius, under an Emperor Theodosius, while a Greek of Antioch called Ammianus Marcellinus served under a Greek-speaking Emperor by the name of Julianus.

or the Trusts the "Octopus," so Rutilius pictures the grafters of Rome as harpies.

"Did not Lucillus," he says, "when he was Count of the Sacred Largesses, drive back with the most scrupulous justice the harpies that surrounded him — harpies whose talons tear the world in shreds, whose glue-smear'd feet carry off whatever they once touch. Argus himself they make one-eyed, and Lynceus they blind entirely, flying as they do in an atmosphere of public theft. But though the stealers had as many hands as Briareus, yet his one hand resisted them all combined."

The first book closes with a pretty picture of a boar-hunt near Triturrita, in the vicinity of Pisa, and a description of a storm which he compares to the Atlantic tides.

The second book opens with a rather full introduction and a description of the peninsula of Italy, with especial emphasis laid on its defensible position behind the barriers of the Alps and Apennines. "All the more grievous for this cause," he adds, "was Stilicho's crime, because he was the betrayer of the Empire, by letting in the barbarians upon Italy, burying the armed foe in the defenceless bowels of Rome — a treachery worse than Sinon's. Rome lay exposed to her own skin-clad body-guard, and was a prisoner even before she was taken captive. And not only was it by the arms of the Goths that Stilicho the traitor had marched on — he had first burned the Sibylline Books. For that we hate him as we hate Althæa, the mother of Meleager, who burnt the brand on whose preservation her son's life depended, or Scylla, who stole her father Nisus's hair, and so betrayed Megara to Minos. But Stilicho hurried to ruin the fateful pledges of the eternal Empire. Then let all Nero's torments in Tartarus cease, and let a gloomier shade be consumed by the torches of the Styx. One stabbed to the heart a mortal, the other, an immortal mother; Nero his own mother, Stilicho, the mother of the world!"

With these words we may leave the proud, impetuous, narrow-minded courtier so loyal to all the traditions of his class, so blind to the decay of the world around him. To him Stilicho is a Judas, a Pontius Pilate, a Ganelon, if we may use the language of that Middle Age which was already dawning, and Honorius

was the Pius Princeps who rendered sacred everything he was connected with. At the same time Claudian was writing his poems on the Consulate of Stilicho, in which he lauded the great Vandal as the saviour of Rome. Perhaps Claudian and Rutilius both were right, for the generals of the fifth and sixth centuries seemed to have saved Rome only to betray it again, or be themselves betrayed. At any rate, we can thank Rutilius for letting us see what one Roman of the Decadence thought of the age he lived in.

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BISMARCK AND GLADSTONE

The contemporary critic of the great men who have recently passed from the stage on which they played their parts, labors under the same disability as an observer who stands too near a great building which he expects to admire, or a picture which he hopes to enjoy. In all these cases the true point of view is wanting. The lofty arches and magnificent windows do not appear blended into the single desired effect, and the colors on the canvas fail to unite into that jewel-like splendor the artist had in mind. So the great figures in the historic movement fail to make on those living in the same epoch with them the impression which will force itself on those who are far enough off to see aright both them and the time to which they belong. Yet it has been said that there is a duty which every great man imposes on his fellows, and that is to understand him and estimate him. So the effort must be made, however imperfect and unsatisfactory may be the result.

We may begin our task by recapitulating briefly the important events in the lives of the two great men, Bismarck and Gladstone, and if a larger and possibly disproportionate space is given to the illustrious German, it may be pardoned on the score of his greater distance from us, and our probably cooler sympathies with him and his work.

Bismarck belonged to a family that had won distinction in many ways, and had numbered many a diplomat among its scions. He studied at Berlin and at Göttingen, and at the latter university was more noted for his personal prowess and his duelling escapades than for his devotion to learning in its more serious aspect. At Göttingen he made the acquaintance of John Lothrop Motley, and the friendship continued through life. After he left the university he spent much time on the family estate in the ordinary occupations of a young landed proprietor.

Then came the revolution of 1848. The German sovereigns were forced to give their respective countries constitutions and popular representation. Prussia was obliged to yield with the others. A national Parliament assembled at Frankfort, and

offered Frederick William an imperial crown. The opposition was too great to allow him to accept. A somewhat similar attempt made at Erfurt also came to nothing. Austria with the help of Russia again appeared formidable. The convention at Olmutz meant a humiliating submission on the part of Prussia. Bismarck made himself noteworthy by his championship of Prussian superiority, and his lack of faith in the constitutional movement. He said the acceptance of the imperial crown was premature, and he asserted that all the "real gold in it would be gotten by melting up the Prussian crown." The people would ultimately come to the Emperor. He had no sympathy with the parliament of Erfurt. He was prepared to make excuses for Olmutz.

The reconstituted diet at Frankfort saw Bismarck attending on its sessions. He was supposed to be *persona grata* to Austria, but he soon forfeited that distinction by his defence and support of the party of the smaller states. He grew more and more into the confidence of his own government. As the Franco-Austrian war approached, Bismarck, on account of his known hostility to Austria, was sent to St. Petersburg as Prussian ambassador. He remained there until 1862, when he became Minister President of Prussia. During the controversy of King William I with his parliament, he managed the government without the adhesion of the lower chamber, and without a regular budget. He informed a committee that the disputes of the day were to be settled by "blood and iron." He had gained Russian favor while he had been, as he had said, "on ice on the Neva." He prepared for the inevitable struggle with Austria. When the English ambassadors remonstrated with him in the name of Europe, he asked "Who is Europe?" He had convinced himself that no danger was to be apprehended from Napoleon. The latter did not consider him a "serious person." Disraeli however saw that he would bear watching.

The death of Frederick VII of Denmark reopened the Schleswick-Holstein question. These duchies, after a war in which both nations joined, were subjected to the joint rule of Austria and Prussia, but in 1864 Prussia with the help of Italy defeated Austria, and the North German confederation was formed, of

which the King of Prussia was President and Bismarck Chancellor. Then came the war with France; the South German states joined with the Northern, and at Versailles the new Empire of Germany was proclaimed. The old confederation was a league, the new Empire was a nation.

Bismarck had given unity to the German nation; from being one of the best-hated of men, he became the national hero. He had fulfilled Germany's chief desire, a national Parliament and the long-sought unity. He remained Chancellor until 1890; his rule was full of picturesqueness and vicissitude; he retired against his will at the demand of William II. His enforced idleness was little to his taste. Arrogant, domineering, free from the scruples that govern other men, he accomplished one of the capital works of history.

We turn now to Gladstone, a life so harmonious and generous that one can only look on it with delight and wonder. In the old fairy stories the whimsical godmother comes with her attendants to the cradle of the newly born and each leaves her gift for the favored one; but generally some influence that had been innocently slighted remains unpropitiated, and a long train of misfortunes ensues. So Achilles was vulnerable in the heel and Siegfried between the shoulders. In the case of Gladstone, however, all the happy powers combined, not a single one apparently had been subjected to an indignity, and every gift therefore was laid at his feet and no talent of his remained without its due and noble exercise.

His ancestry was Scotch and it was therefore appropriate that later he should stand for the constituency of Midlothian. He was born into affluence and that middle state which has so often been the vantage of high attainments and great deeds. His father, John Gladstone, was a merchant, and the son was proud of his origin. In a speech made at Liverpool he says:—

I know not why commerce in England should not have its old families, rejoicing to be connected with commerce from generation to generation. It has been so in other countries. I trust it will be so in this country. I think it is a subject of sorrow, almost of scandal, when those families who have either acquired or recovered station and wealth

through commerce, turn their backs upon it and seem to be ashamed of it. It certainly is not so with my brothers or me.

His education was that of the affluent English boy. He went to Eton and then Oxford received him. He was not a precocious youth, and found many things outside of the scholastic routine healthfully attractive and alluring. The subjects which exercised a controlling fascination that remained with him through life, were the classics — Greek mainly — and theological speculation. The first book which he published was a dissertation on the relation between "Church and State," in which he took an even mystical ground in favor of a state religion and the full recognition of the Church in every state function. The book came into the hands of Macaulay, who at once cordially commended its high merits, while wholly dissenting from its conclusions. At Eton he met Arthur Henry Hallam, whom Tennyson has immortalized in his *In Memoriam* and fell under the charm of that remarkable intellect. At Oxford he met Robert Lowe, Henry Edward Manning, afterwards Cardinal, and George Cornwallis Lewis, all of whom in divers ways exercised a permanent influence upon his growth and development.

He had the intention of taking orders in the Church, but the Duke of Newcastle requested him to stand for Newark, and he entered Parliament under Tory auspices. His journey from Toryism and Conservatism to Liberalism was a long one. His subsequent antagonist, Disraeli, began his career as a Radical, and ended as a defender of the old and established order. It may be said, however, that neither man overcame his original tendencies, and the conservatism of Gladstone displayed itself again at the close of his career, as the liberal proclivities of his rival shone forth from time to time with considerable luster. Gladstone does not seem to have stormed the House or to have appealed to it like Disraeli at first; and he left no announcement that some day England would listen and hear him. The question of the emancipation of the slaves in the British Colonies came up during his first Parliament. He was entirely in favor of the abolition of slavery. He first took office under Sir Robert Peel as

Junior Lord of the Treasury, and then as Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

As early as 1845 the question, which later became one of the turning points of his career, had already risen on his intellectual horizon. He says in a letter to a friend of this date: "Ireland is likely to find Parliament and this country so much employment for years to come that I feel rather oppressively an obligation to try and see with my own eyes, instead of using those of other people, according to the limited measure of my means. Now your company would be so very valuable as well as agreeable to me that I am desirous to know whether you are at all inclined to entertain the idea of devoting the month of September after the meeting in Edinburgh to a walking tour in Ireland with me." The suggested trip, however, never came off, but it shows the direction which his thoughts and sympathies were taking.

In 1874 he was invited to stand for the University of Oxford. There could surely have been no place that he was better qualified to represent or which he could have had greater pride in representing. Oxford was his Alma Mater, her scenery, her life, her interests were all familiar to him and called forth his strongest feelings. He was elected, although he did not come first on the list. His address to the electors of Oxford makes good reading even to-day, and shows a marked advance in the liberality of his views. He is already abandoning the positions taken in his book on the relation of Church and State. He has been often charged with the suddenness of the changes of his views and his inconsistent support of new phases of questions which he had at an earlier time strongly opposed. It must be said, however, that the man who develops can hardly be consistent, and that a statesman must be true to his convictions without too much regard to his past. In the Free Trade struggle Gladstone stood for the "open door" with his chief, Sir Robert Peel. In a forgotten controversy over a Don Pacifico, Gladstone made a memorable speech in opposition to Lord Palmerston, some sentences from which deserve repeating as showing the direction of mind which he practically retained through life. Don Pacifico's matters involved making certain

demands upon the weak government of Greece. Lord Palmerston favored the demands. Gladstone closed his speech with these words:—

Let us recognize, and recognize with frankness, the equality of the weak with the strong, the principle of brotherhood amongst nations, and of their sacred independence. . . . Let us refrain from all gratuitous and arbitrary meddling in the internal concerns of other states even as we should resent the same interference if it were attempted to be practiced toward ourselves. When we are asking for the maintenance of the rights which belong to our fellow subjects resident in Greece, let us do as we would be done by, and let us pay that respect to a feeble state, and the infancy of free institutions, which we should desire and should exact from others toward their maturing and strength.

The death of Sir Robert Peel had one important effect among so many others. It left Gladstone free to follow whatever political course his principles might dictate, and his passage into the Liberal fold was rapidly made. During a visit to Naples he sent home letters in regard to the political situation there which made a European sensation. In a debate on an unimportant measure, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, Gladstone warmly espoused the cause of the Roman Catholic Church. Disraeli also rose into prominence at this time and the lifelong rivalry between the two men began. When Gladstone again appears as a member of the Government, it is as part of the Coalition Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen. The new government was a combination of Whigs and Peelites and philosophical radicals, so-called. The Toryism of Gladstone is decidedly on the wane. It was during the ministry of Lord Aberdeen that the Crimean War occurred, to which Gladstone although holding office had strong objection.

Passing over some years we come to Gladstone's proposal to abolish the tax on paper. This duty on paper has been described as the last remnant of an ancient system of finance, which tended to the severe repression of journalism. At this time was begun in England the first organized movement for the publication of cheap newspapers, in which Charles Dickens took a leading part. Mr. Gladstone's measure was at first defeated in

the House of Lords, but the next session saw it triumphantly carried. During our Civil War it cannot be said of Mr. Gladstone that he viewed the struggle with any certain insight into its nature and consequences. He had now entirely left the Toryism of his youth, pronounced himself in favor of popular suffrage, and took office under the cynical Palmerston, with whom he had little in common. He was at last made Prime Minister of England. The disestablishment of the Irish Church was a work to his hand. Sydney Smith had said of the Irish Church establishment that "there is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo." The removal of this abuse, and the amelioration of the tenure of land, the evils of Irish landlordism, were great works of his administration, as well as the reorganization of the educational systems. Not all of this work could be done, and he retired for a time from his chosen field only to return with renewed vigor. Then came Egypt, with the terrible failure in the Soudan, and the heroic effort to give home rule to a suffering country without success; and then, not long after, the end of a life spent in widening the opportunities and enlarging the freedom of men.

The two statesmen are remarkably characteristic of their respective countries. Bismarck was a German of the Germans, and Gladstone an Englishman of the noblest type. Bismarck was a soldier as well as a statesman. The career which he had hoped to follow was that of a soldier fighting for his fatherland. At the height of his political triumphs he wrote to the King: "I have always regretted that my parents did not allow me to testify my attachment to the royal house, and my enthusiasm for the greatness and glory of the Fatherland, in the front rank of a regiment rather than behind a writing desk. Perhaps I should have made a poor general, but, if I had been free to follow the bent of my inclination, I would rather have won battles for your Majesty than diplomatic campaigns." In the Franco-Prussian War he wore the spear-tipped helmet and rode side by side with Von Moltke. Then again he was an obedient servant of the crown. The *laissez-faire* doctrine had had little influence in political matters in Germany. The state, according to Ger-

man theory and practice, does not exist to protect private property or to further individual interests, but to be an embodiment of the organic unity of public life. His loyalty to Kingship rested not on his personal allegiance to a dynasty, but on the conviction that he was subserving the highest interest of the people to whom he belonged. He sacrificed his own wishes and instincts to the common good, and he spoke the truth when he wrote under his portrait: "I am consumed by my desire for serving my country." He may have had a cynical disregard for the ordinary scruples that govern most men, but he saw with unfaltering clearness the great purpose to which his life was devoted, and he pursued it with unsparing vigor and startling success. He had the somewhat rough and burly humor of his race, the love of nature, which also belongs to them, and the fondness for simple domestic joys which made his home life, like that of Gladstone, an example and an inspiration. He willingly submitted to the judgment of experts, he cheerfully acknowledged intellectual talent in others. He was no church-goer, he spoke with contempt "of the crew of court chaplains," but there are passages in his letters which reveal a profound and unshaken faith in supersensible verities. He was an admirable writer. His letters and speeches belong to the literature of his country.

In many ways Gladstone was the reverse of all this. He was essentially the scholar in politics. His journey from Toryism to Liberalism pulled every heart string which united him to his home, and it is one of the marvels of his career that he drew so many adherents along with him. He had always wished to be a Conservative of the best sort—that is, to be a preserver of the good, to hold to the truth and the institutions in whose forms truth binds the past to the future. But he was inconvenienced by possessing a daring intellect, or rather it possessed him, and it led him along a path which he had little contemplated. Step by step, he moved, convincing himself as he proceeded, and more and more he became the champion of the rights of man, and of the emancipation of those held in bondage. No English statesman can be said to have had a nobler or more alluring career. He seems, indeed, like one of the knights of old, clad

in the brilliant armor of his eloquence, defending the oppressed, relieving the distressed. He was master of many literatures as well as of politics. He was an indefatigable worker, and his various leisures were always found to be only occupations in divers fields. He was also mainly an English statesman, he had no desire to mingle in the great game of European politics, which so fascinated his colleague and rival. He was the great leader of Reform and no man ever served England more effectively than he, not only England but all mankind. As he himself has said:—

The greatest triumph of our time, a triumph in a region loftier than that of Electricity and Steam, will be the enthronement of the Idea of Public Right as the governing idea of European policy; as the common and precious inheritance of all lands but impervious to the passing opinion of any. The foremost among the nations will be that one, which by its conduct will gradually engender in the minds of others that it is just. In the competition for this prize the bounty of Providence has given us a place of vantage; and nothing save our own fault or folly can wrest it from our grasp.

The great work of Gladstone was the consolidation of constitutional government in England. As Napoleon was swept on to power by the last wave of a revolution grown destructive, Gladstone came to his opportunity by a wave of reform, constructive and full of the highest promise for England. If it is proper to call Queen Victoria the first constitutional monarch of England, William IV was the last arbitrary monarch. The reform movement was in the air, and however mentally constituted man might be or what his prejudgments, he could not fail to be influenced. It took some time, but Gladstone became the leader of the whole advance. The great measures which his name brings up were all measures of widening life and opportunity to the many, and he is forever associated with the progress of freedom in his own land. It was a great thing for a man with his theological bias to vote and work for the disestablishment of a Church. These were, however, all distinctively questions of national politics; for the field of international politics he had an

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aversion, and his foreign policies were not a distinguished success. The Irish Question which occupied so much of his thought engaged that high sense of justice and right which was the centre of his being. Gladstone was distinctly a national statesman, the interests of his own country were the ones that most engaged him, and for a wider field he had little inclination or aptitude.

The great work of Bismarck was the unification of Germany. The difficulties in his way might have appalled the most sanguine of men. Over against him stood Austria. The smaller German states had varying local interests, and varying political arrangements dating back for centuries. The great powers of Europe looked upon the unification of Germany with as little pleasure as they had upon the unification of Italy under Cavour. Bismarck was no moral enthusiast like the Italian statesman or Gladstone. He came to his task with no strong willingness for it. More than once he was inclined to abandon it or give it to other hands. Gradually and strangely the opportunities came, and after three wars about which he has left an expression of his abhorrence in moving terms, the work was accomplished. He took up the labors of the great Frederick of Prussia and brought them to a glorious conclusion. The work is capital among the achievements of modern times. Carlyle, in writing his life of Frederick, intimated that he was writing a modern epic, the story of an achievement that was more than national. The unification of Germany means the probability of combination among the Teutonic nations of the earth in furtherance of the end for which those nations have always striven. It means a check to the Western progress of the Muscovite, that dark and unknown quantity which hovers on the borders of better understood civilizations. It means the progress of liberal ideas throughout the world, and a reactionary Emperor only nominally stems the onward rushing tide. It was more than a national achievement; it may be justly called a world-achievement in its significance and its effects.

The philosophy of history may yet have a long ways to go before it is established on a permanent foundation, but more than a good beginning has been made. At any rate the real states-

man is the man who makes the successful discovery of the next step which is to be taken by the historic movement, and who devotes all his energies to the accomplishment of that. Like all prophets he will probably find himself opposed by the hardened prejudice of his time. He will probably find his work repellent, and will seek to be released from it, but he will not be able to refuse it and he will be forced to obey. The politician differs from him in finding himself solely interested in temporary expedients and schemes of all sorts. The politician will be the mouthpiece of a party that has many vain ends to subserve. In view of results achieved, one can see the remarkable deficiencies of parties political, and the indifferent value of close subservience to them. Sometimes the accomplishment has come through one, sometimes through the other, sometimes in spite of both. The statesman stands serene above them. We may claim the genuine title of statesmen for both these men and yet with a difference. In a book of the greatest interest Benjamin Kidd points to the extraordinary decadence of the Latin races, and the coming ascendancy of the Teutonic peoples. The sovereignty of the planet is apparently and rapidly coming to the latter. In the solidarity of Teutonic peoples lies the growing civilization of the world, the bringing into line of the barbarous tribes, the achievement of permanent friendship among nations. In this magnificent victory Gladstone is a noble general, but the great names are Washington the liberator, Lincoln the emancipator, Bismarck the maker of the German nation. From this work no great people can hold aloof, no matter what the traditions may be; and we must do our share, nor be left behind in the consummation to which the whole creation moves.

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A MEDIÆVAL EGOTIST

It was the perilous practice of a famous literary critic to tag with curt phrases this or that man of genius. "He never spoke out," served for Gray. "A brave soldier in the war of humanity," was Heine complete. Goethe's saying, "He was quite too much in the dark about himself," did Byron's business. If we follow this Arnold precedent, we shall not go far astray in thus summarizing Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald of Wales), priest, statesman, scholar, orator, historian:—He was always sure of himself. Other men are troubled by doubts noble and ignoble. Men far greater than he have held halting colloquy with their souls. But to this self-confident spirit the road always lay clear and open. The call of his own lofty ambitions was to Giraldus the voice of deity.

At the very root of this perfect confidence lay a prodigious self-satisfaction, an almost boyish joy in all that pertained to him and his. He is the supreme egotist of mediæval England. His family, his home, his person, his genius, his exploits, his honors, are ever his dearest themes; and, in chanting their glories, enthusiasm rises to rapture. "O family! O race! Indeed it is doubly noble; deriving its courage from the Trojans, and its skill in arms from the French." The best Welsh and Norman blood mingled in his veins; and his chief volume of history, *The Conquest of Ireland*, blends encomia upon the adventures of his own race, the Geraldines, with disparagement of all outside that cousinship.

Gerald de Barri was born in 1146—or was it 1147?—at the castle of Manorbeer in Pembrokeshire. Happy year and blessed castle! Logic crumbles before his superlatives:—"As Demetia is the fairest of all the seven cantreds of Wales, and Pembroke the fairest of Demetia, and this spot the fairest of all Pembroke, it follows that Manorbeer is the most pleasant spot in Wales." Thus his heart rules his head. All the fairies were present at his christening, but, this time, no malignant elf came last with her curse. He was, he tells us, so richly dowered with beauty that, in his youth, men gazed upon him in wonder that a being

so fair must one day decline and die. The qualities of his mind early transcended the intellects of all other youths. In the schools of Paris, so he informs us, he gained such distinction that Gerald the Welshman was pointed out by his masters to every comer as a model of piety and good scholarship. All men at the great French university were charmed—the words are his own—"by the sweetness of his voice, the beauty of his language and the force of his arguments." Indeed, he ever "found in the music of his own sweet voice the most enchanting melody." So miraculous indeed were the results of his eloquence that, when in 1188 he preached to the Welsh a crusade, his hearers, though totally ignorant of the languages employed by the speaker, Latin and French, burst into tears ("Never were so many tears shed in one day!") and ran in crowds to take the cross. Had Gerald used his mother tongue, Wales would have been depopulated.

However much the power of his spoken word rejoiced Giraldus, he found a deeper and more abiding content in the worth of his writings, which he loudly proclaims with the boastfulness of Glendower. "The elegance of his scholastic style had obtained uniform praise from all quarters." "His friend, the urbane Walter Map, had admitted that the writings of Master Giraldus were far better and much more likely to be handed down to future ages than his own discourses." That mighty genius, Pope Innocent III, the proud author assures us, kept for a month close to bed's head six volumes of his works, in which the pontiff took such rare delight that he was never weary of expounding their beauties to the cardinals in their visits of business, and could not be persuaded to part with a single volume even for an hour. It is significant that the best known act of Gerald's literary life was one of princely ostentation. When he had finished his greatest work, *The Topography of Ireland*, "not willing to hide his candle under a bushel [these are his very words] but to place it on a candlestick that it might give light to all, he resolved to read it publicly at Oxford where the most learned and famous of the English clergy were at that time to be found." This is the first appearance of the university in history years before its oldest college, Merton,

came into being. "The readings lasted three successive days," Gerald continues. "On the first day he received and entertained at his lodgings all the poor of the town; on the next day, all the doctors of the different faculties and such of their pupils as were of fame and note; on the third day, the rest of the scholars, with the knights, townsmen and many burgesses. It was a costly and noble act, because the authentic and ancient times of poesy were thus in some measure renewed; and neither present nor past time can furnish any record of such solemnity having ever taken place in England."

Strut and swell though he might and preen his feathers, Gerald was not merely a crowing braggart, but a lusty fighter of the best breed. His place in the home of Manorbeer was like that of Gawain Douglas in the family of old Archibald Bell-the-cat, the clerk of a tribe of warriors; yet, though priest, he was not the least militant of his house. From fierce barons of the Marches, this champion of the church derived the highest qualities of the fighting-man,—restless activity, loyalty, disregard of odds and unswerving tenacity. As full of quarrels as an egg of meat, he never counted the cost of his many high-hearted battles and displayed every virtue, save that of humility. Early an archdeacon, he found "the functions of the archdiaconate" very different from those of Barchester. A veritable young St. George or St. Michael, he seems to us, riding forth fiercely against the dragon, whenever the creature reared head on the banks of Wye or of Severn. Yet the most notable adventure of this young scourger of the Deadly Sins was not one of his marches against evil but a struggle for the rights of the see of St. David's. It is a long story, if fully told, but this is its kernel. A little church on the borders of St. Asaph's and St. David's awaited dedication, uncertain from what source this might come. The Bishop of St. Asaph's, eager to extend his jurisdiction, makes stately progress to the disputed spot, but the vigilant Gerald speeding across country forestalls him. The investiture is over, bells have been rung, mass has been celebrated, when the bishop with his men reaches the lych-gate. Here Gerald confronts him with wordy war. On the one side, mitre and staff and an archbishop's letter; on the other, long

tenure, present possession and a fighter's blood and skill. When the angry bishop proceeds to fulminate excommunication against his foes, the archdeacon gravely summons from the church behind him priests and deacons in white array and in louder tones pronounces anathema against the enemies of St. David's. The episcopal ban is of higher dignity, doubtless, but that of Gerald is backed by the triple ringing of bells and by the halberds and bows of his dangerous brothers somewhere in deep centre. Thus the curtain falls on the complete rout of the bishop, but it rises again to disclose Gerald at King Henry's court in distant Northampton wittily narrating his absurd story and winning royal laughter and favor. As the king well knew, bishops were plentiful enough, but there was only one Gerald in twelfth-century England.

Giraldus was not only a fighter, but he was a fighter "with a high aim to pursue" — that aim nothing more or less than the bishopric of St. David's, the chief see of Wales. As he argued, who had a better right? His uncle had long ruled the diocese, and he would bring to the high place the best traditions and the strongest head in all the Welsh country. But, ironically enough, these very qualifications checked his preferment. "Wales for Welshmen" was no part of the policy of the Plantagenet kings; and Henry II, wildest of rulers, had no mind to rear against himself a powerful opponent in that prostrate land. Thus Gerald's young ambition was thwarted. But he was one of those strong men who are never on nodding terms with defeat and who pursue with iron will their purposes in season and out of season. Other bishoprics — Bangor, Llandaff, and an Irish see or two — were offered him at different times, but he rejected them all. In seeking the million, he was quite content to miss the unit. Twenty years later, when the see of St. David's was again without a head, Giraldus entered the lists with characteristic energy. Then began for the restless archdeacon a period of strenuous seeking, far journeying, long soliciting, with the coveted mitre ever dangling before his keen eyes but ever eluding his grasp. Now he is in a dreary corner of Wales winning the suffrages of the canons, now trailing in England or Normandy a vagrant king, now questing papal favor on the long,

rough roads that lead to Rome. It is on these Roman journeys that the dauntless temper of the man is most picturesquely revealed; and, as we follow him on his solitary way through the grim forest of Ardennes, along the dangerous marches of Champagne and Burgundy, over the snowy Alps in midwinter, we recall the adventures of his near-namesake, Gerard, the hero of Charles Reade's wonderful story, on those same terrible paths. But all in vain these quests! Deserted by his supporters, condemned by king, tricked by pope, he must have lost, long before his useless fight was over, all faith in his fellows. But one thing certainly he never lost, his transcendent faith in himself. To Giraldus all things that made for good on British soil seemed to hang upon the happy outcome of his own ambitions and to crumble into nothingness when his own dreams faded.

It is not, however, as the unsuccessful churchman, but as the successful man of letters, that we must now view Giraldus Cambrensis. The times in which he played his eager, strenuous rôle were favorable to literature — so favorable indeed that to the reader of limited outlook, who cherishes the silly old notion that no brave writers wielded worthy pens in England before Chaucer Agamemnon, a study of the court of the early Plantagenets is full of delightful surprises. Between Alfred and Elizabeth — this is not such high praise as it seems — learning and letters knew no such royal patron as Henry II, with his scholarly gifts and his princely giving; and artistry of every sort awakened ready response in his queen, Eleanor, who had much music in her evil soul. As one of his courtiers, Peter of Blois, said of the king's circle:—"There was school every day, constant conversation of the best scholars and discussion of questions." Humane letters are so often the reverse of human that this twelfth-century output, cloaked though it usually is in grave Latinity, makes an unexpected appeal by reason of its nearness to the life of a day that was big with action. We cannot hope to apprehend even slightly the literary background of Giraldus without a word or two of those clerks who stood among the foremost Anglo-Latin writers. These are no pedants but healthy fellows all, red of blood and sound of heart, who followed with the keen noses of trusty hounds the base scent of the foxes

and jackals that then ran amuck in both church and state. Nigel Wireker, hater of sham learning seeks for his ass, "Daun Burnel," congenial company among long-eared schoolmen and thick-skinned monks. John de Hauteville, weeping philosopher — tears were then in fashion, and archweepers common — pursues Nature and Moderation in a world of vanity and excess. A greater John, he of Salisbury, gathered in the tortuous paths of statecraft along which he moved by his master Becket's side much material for those famous meditations on the trifling pursuits of mankind that make up his *Polycraticus*. And then there was Gerald's chief friend at court, the most charming personality of this faraway century, whose name still carries some fragrance in the mention, Walter Map, reputed weaver of Arthurian legends, creator of the gluttonous Bishop Goliath and ironical chanter of Goliardic verses redolent of cakes and ale, and yet something more, genial essayist and gossipy raconteur — much good sense and honest laughter in him, not a little noble scorn, and withal a vein of romance. With Walter, who was half Welshman too, Gerald rubbed elbows often. These two archdeacons exchanged light-hearted verses, bartered good stories, of which each had ample measure, abused Jews and Cistercians to their hearts' content, and weighed in friendly rivalry and with utter complacency their own high merits as masters of style.

When the versatile Giraldus reverently laid at the feet of Innocent III books rather than money (*libros* not *libras*), he tendered the best that it was in his power to give — himself; for in his case the writings are the man. The gift of style that was his endowment was not mere sense of form, though he aimed with success to make his words and periods simple and pleasing, his essays readable. Labor and learning might toil in vain for a manner which revealed personality as intimately and was indeed as truly a part of this fighting priest as his shaggy eyebrows, his long and sinewy frame, his fiery temper. Not in spite of his life of action, but because of it, was Gerald a great author. "*Quorum pars magna fui*" is writ large over the eight bulky volumes that bear his name in the Rolls Series. We see either Giraldus Cambrensis against the background of England, Ireland, and Wales, or England, Ireland, and Wales against the background of Giral-

dus Cambrensis — all Europe standing agape. Like a general composing his memoirs in his tent after a hard-fought battle, he brought to his parchment his own vivid experience, his own hopes and fears, and drenched his best pages with the flood of personal feeling. It is only when this feeling is stagnant — when our archdeacon is laboring over a bit of hack work like the task of making the unworthy Remigius into a saint for the brothers of Lincoln, whose supply was short — that his style loses its distinction and becomes as neutral as that of any penny-lining clerk of sound Latinity. When, as is usual, pride of self or of race, fierce hatred of an enemy, love of glory, speed his pen, the wraith of posterity, whom he saw in every vision and to whom he confidently dedicated every literary labor, is smilingly impelled to grant him at least a tithe of his large asking.

Giraldus is indeed a sounding clash of opposites — a surprising union of powers and prejudices, as Macaulay affirms of Johnson. This Welshman was really a scholar. He had a scholar's training; no man of his day had eaten more paper and drunk more ink, and a ready assimilation and a sound memory had aided their digestion. Ovid, Persius, Claudian, and Vergil, are at his finger-tips; Welsh, French, and even English, "a barbarous tongue," are all well known to him, though, for dear posterity's sake, he must eschew them in his own composition; he dabbles in philology when he notes "the close likeness between British and Greek words," or when he gravely discusses "the old Southern dialect of Bede, Hrabanus, and Alfred." His love of noble manuscripts is manifest in his enthusiasm, in the *Topography of Ireland*, over the splendid Book of Kildare. He finds learned support for even his credulities and revels as happily as a young philologist in cross references to his own authoritative utterances. He has at times something of a scholar's discrimination. Freedom of mind, a rare thing in his age, leads him to analyze patiently the reasons for English failure in Ireland and to balance soberly the virtues and defects of his own people, the Welsh. One trait that is of the very essence of fine scholarship he freely displays, often to his own hurt as a man of letters. The difficult made to him an irresistible appeal. He wrote of Ireland, not because he sym-

pathized with the unhappy land and its people, but because, in cases which were barren of interest, language might do its best. Here was his opportunity "to suck honey out of the rock and to draw oil from flint." "There is nothing so rude and barbarous," he quotes complacently, "that a brilliant oratory cannot ornament and polish."

Though the "scholastic elegance," in which Gerald's prefaces take such pride, craves applause, it is when least the scholar that this man of many activities dominates our interest. We like him less when he is capping a pun from Plautus than when he is retailing some hearty English story. It is easy to leave the Homeric speeches, which ring so absurdly false in the mouths of Norman leaders on the plains before Down and Derry, for the pleasant converse of Archbishop Baldwin with his followers over the sweet notes of birds in a Welsh wood. And we find Giraldus far better company when he is deep in the lap of legends and superstitions than when he is vindicating the soundness of his logic by illustrious precedent. His Celtic imagination and love of marvels can be matched only by the Mabinogion itself. His gullibility during his Irish visit was as omnivorous as, let us say, that of a Frenchman recording the impressions of five weeks in America, and the *Topography* finds its modern counterpart in the *Outre Mer* of Paul Bourget. All was fish that came to his net, and, if the fish had golden teeth like that famous one of Carlingford in Ulster, or one eye apiece like those of the Snowdon lake, so much the better! Gerald not only accepted the folk-lore of his day, time-honored traditions of barnacle goose and were-wolf; but he greedily swallowed so many prodigies that even twelfth-century skepticism, a tiny growth, raised indignant protest. But objections merely fired Gerald's fighting blood, for, when his imagination was aroused, his boasted critical powers were dormant. Mandeville and Münchhausen pant in his rear, as the good archdeacon recounts the wonders and miracles of Ireland:—two islands in one of which no one dies, in the other no female creature enters; yet another island where corpses suffer no decay; St. Brigit's fire, and the hedge around that fire which no male can cross; the stone in which a cavity is every day miraculously filled with

wine; the seed-wheat which was produced from rye; St. Colman's teal which were tamed by him and cannot suffer injury; creatures which are half-man, half-ox or half-stag, half-cow; cocks that crow at unnatural hours; wolves that whelp in December; grasshoppers that sing the better when their heads are cut off; these and a hundred other things that "befall preposterously." Nor do we meet such monsters only in Gerald's catalogue of marvels; now and again in the midst of serious history he pauses to point out some enormity. And the reason for this intense interest in supposed freaks of nature is not far to seek. Gerald found each wonder big with portent for the student of contemporary events: — the three golden teeth of the Ulster fish presaged the golden times of the future conquest immediately impending; a frog found in the grassy meadows near Waterford, where no such reptile had been seen before, was a prognostic of the coming of the English; wolves whelping out of season betokened the evils of treason and rapine which in Ireland were too early rife.

Recorder of unnatural history and prognostical zoölogy though Gerald was, scores of passages attest a lively regard for nature in her normal moods, — not in the least the love of the dedicated spirit, but the wide-eyed curiosity of the quick observer of man and beast. From the orchard plot of St. Ludoc church in South Wales near an old mill and bridge he watches the Teivy salmon swimming against the stream and springing with great force, like a bow let loose, from the bottom to the top of the leap; or else in the same river he marks each movement of the beavers as they construct their willow castles. Then perhaps he is listening in Irish meadows to "clouds of larks singing praise to God." Nothing in Hugh of Lincoln's life delights Gerald more than his affection for his pet swan at Stow and for his little tame bird at Witham. Yet, like his famous contemporary, Alexander Neckham, and the many anonymous authors of the bestiaries, Gerald valued birds and other creatures chiefly as metaphors of man. Symbolism intrudes everywhere. Cranes keeping watch in turns at night for their common safety are to Giraldus emblems of the bishops of the church whose office it is to keep watch over their flock, not knowing at what

hour the thief will come. With hawks he compares those who indulge in sumptuous banquets, equipages, and clothing and the various other allurements of the flesh; with falcons, those of soaring virtue who reject a delicate diet and choose by divine inspiration to suffer hardships and privations. Thus he allegorizes nature.

One knack Gerald had in large measure, and through this he wins the regard of modern readers, who reckon little of his marvels and his moralizings — he was a natural story-teller. Few of the tales that fill his pages are of his own making, but they are always well found and well fitted. Once or twice he assays the supernatural, as in the legend of the demon steward, the red-haired youth who kept the keys of the house of Stakepole and held nightly converse near a mill and a pool of water, and in the narrative, yet more wonderful, of the beautiful phantom of evil who revenged upon an English clerk his injury to her slighted form. But our raconteur moves in the main along everyday levels, with the humorist's quick eye for the incongruous action and with the wit's appreciation of the happy phrase. Here is the amusing lapse of a Worcester priest, who, having heard all night in churchyard dances the refrain of a love-song, chanted in full canonicals next morning at the altar, not "*Dominus vobiscum!*" but "*Sweet mistress, thy grace!*" There the parlous plight of the ignorant old churchman who, in his devout prayer for a little Latin, neglected to specify verbal inflections, and so, in receiving the heavenly boon, was limited to the infinitive during all his life after. Many of Gerald's best anecdotes hinge upon the illiteracy of the Welsh clergy. The textual critic of to-day would do well to treasure the story of the priest who inquired eagerly of the famous schoolman, John of Cornwall, the meaning of the word *busillis*, deeming it the proper name of some king or prince. On John's asking him where the word was to be found, the seeker after knowledge fetched triumphantly his missal and pointed to the words, *in die*, at the end of one column and *bus illis* at the top of the next (*in diebus illis*, of course). There is a large sheaf of such blunders in the arch-deacon's charge to his flock, the *Gemma Ecclesiastica*.

The stories in which Gerald seems to take most delight in

displaying his skill are little tales of situation, of the essentially dramatic and popular type that lies at the root of balladry. Indeed, it is in his tract against the Cistercians that we meet for the first time in England the very familiar *motif* of the humorous encounter of the disguised king with a subject. Henry II, separated from his companions during the hunt, chances upon a Cistercian monastery, where unrecognized he is hospitably entertained and bidden subscribe to local custom by drinking often wassail,—here a hearty exchange of “Pril” and “Wril”—with the bibulous abbot and his jolly fellows. On the following day the king returns of course in royal state to the utter confusion of the priestly revelers. In this same *Speculum Ecclesiæ* there is yet another story of distinctly popular flavor—unhappily too long for our present telling—centring in the interchange of sick-bed visits between Walter Map and his hated neighbor, the Cistercian abbot of the Forest of Dean. Again humor comes to the aid of slashing criticism in Gerald's attack upon Geoffrey of Monmouth, whom he himself had freely plundered: “If evil spirits oppressed too much one of their chief victims, Melerius, the Gospel of St. John was laid on his bosom, when like birds they immediately vanished away. But when that book was removed and *The History of the Britons*, by Geoffrey, for the sake of experiment, substituted in its stead, they settled, in far greater numbers and for a much longer time than usual, not only upon his entire body, but on the book that was placed upon it.” Assuredly Gerald had the knack of it. At this sort of thing not even Map himself was his master.

All these piquant stories had their serious aim and end, for no man was ever less a trifler than this fighting priest of the de Barri blood. At the core of him, as of all good haters, was a grimness of temper that scorned flattering amenities. It is his own saying that “he never sought to win favor by bearing a cap, by placing a cushion, by shielding off the rain, or by wiping the dust, even if there should be none, in the midst of a fawning herd. The heart-flame of the man flashes forth, when this uncompromising apostle of right living and thinking scathes the worldiness and hypocrisy of monastic degenerates or scourges with fierce invectives, which his enemies ascribed to “rebellious

craft," the weakness of Hubert Walker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the vices of William of Ely. An old age of peace, devoted to study and reminiscence, mellowed little this acerbity. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" doubtless seemed to him, as to Laurence Sterne, little more than "a nonsensical lullaby of some nurse, put into Latin by some pedant, to be chanted by some hypocrite to the end of the world for the consolation of departing lechers." Gerald had crossed the whims of three Plantagenets and had boldly spoken out his mind before their thrones. Now that Henry and his sons were dead, this close observer of their follies spared them as little, in that last worthy work of his on *The Rearing of a Prince*, as Thackeray spared the four Georges. With Gerald blame was always safer than praise—that is, blame of the other man. In the case of him and his, he was, as we have seen, of quite another opinion.

So Giraldus Cambrensis, who all his life had been sure of himself, came confidently to the threshold of death, neither asking nor expecting worldly recompense, refusing even the bishopric for which he had contended so stoutly during the long years of his prime; full of lofty pride that "he had waged so great and fierce a war against king and archbishop and had withstood the might of the whole clergy and people of England for the honor of Wales."

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A TRIPLE-RHYME TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST CANTO OF DANTE'S *DIVINE COMEDY*

Translating is a difficult task under any circumstances, and translating the *Divine Comedy* into the English equivalent of the Italian "terza rima" is beset with so many special difficulties that it has come to be regarded as an undertaking no more likely to succeed than an attempt to square the circle would be. English, in the first place, is so much poorer in rhymes than Italian that the verse-scheme Dante employs has never been adapted to it with any success. Then, the eleven-syllable verse does not exist in English except as a variant of those of ten or twelve syllables, and the regular dissyllabic rhymes of Italian have either a ludicrous or a sentimental suggestion in our language, something that unfits them for use in rendering a poet to whom both qualities are entirely foreign. Besides this, Dante's thought is often difficult to render even in prose, so involved and complex is it, and yet it has a distinctiveness about it that is lost by a paraphrase or a free rendering; so that the translator into triple rhyme must make that un-English measure fully as flexible and manageable as unshackled prose, for in it he must not only reproduce the composition of one of the world's greatest writers, in a language naturally better adapted to its form than English, but he must also give an air of naturalness and ease to many strange locutions that Dante permitted himself to use for the sake of rhyme or emphasis.

The difficulties of making a translation of the *Divine Comedy* in the metre of the original were sufficient to discourage Byron, who tried his hand at the famous Francesca da Rimini scene in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," but several men of less distinction have carried the task to completion, although none has done so with any great success, and of them all only Dean Plumptre is recognized as having made any sort of contribution to Dante literature. Lately it would seem that the need of a satisfactory verse translation has been widely felt, for in the year 1911 alone, at least two metrical versions of Dante's masterpiece have been issued by English publishers.

Of these one is in what purports to be eleven-syllable verse without rhyme, while the other is rhymed in tercets containing, for the most part, lines of ten syllables, but feminine endings frequently occur. The translation here presented was begun several years ago as an exercise rather than as a serious literary undertaking, but it has been continued as far as the completion of the "Inferno," at first because of the fascination of the task, and afterwards as a result of the encouragement of friends. It aims to translate Dante as literally as possible in language that is free enough from inversions and distortions to be readable and intelligible without painful study. Epithets and additions merely for the sake of rhyme have been avoided, and all Dante's strong lines, as well as those that — like, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here" — have passed into English, are retained literally, or in the form in which they are known. Only masculine rhymes are employed, for the reasons mentioned above, and also to give the uniformity of line that is characteristic of the original.

The *Divine Comedy* consists of three divisions: "Hell," "Purgatory," and "Paradise"; and of these "Purgatory" and "Paradise" have each thirty-three cantos, while "Hell" has thirty-four, an extra one being added to set the scene as well as to make the total number of cantos in the entire work one hundred.

In the first canto Dante is described as starting up to find himself "at the middle of the road of life" — his thirty-fifth year, three score and ten years being the normal allotment of life — in the wood of sin and worldiness, into which he has unconsciously strayed as a consequence of wandering from the direct road of virtue while his spiritual faculties were lulled to sleep by his absorption in worldly undertakings. When he awakes he tries to return to righteousness — the mountain whose summit is lighted up by the sun, the symbol of reason. The three beasts that oppose his ascent — the lion, the leopard, and the wolf — are symbols of sins that infest the human heart, and they have been interpreted many different ways; but the main tendency in the past was to regard them as typifying pride, luxury, and avarice respectively, while now there is a disposition to look on the lion as violence, the leopard as fraud, and the wolf as in-

continence. The fact is, that all these things and many more are symbolized by the beasts, for they represent sins both in Dante and in those about him, and they have a general implication as well as a particular reference to Dante's own career so far as it represented what is universal to humanity. Thus the lion may be said to stand for pride in Dante himself—his besetting sin—for the violence of worldly conflict that begets violence in those who suffer from it, and for the political coalition that took from Dante his peace of mind by unjustly depriving him of his home and his good name. The leopard stands for a group of more insidious vices, those begotten by luxury and artificial refinement—physical and moral infidelity. The wolf represents grosser passions and lusts than the leopard,—physical sins of a coarser type and treachery begotten of the brute nature rather than the intellect. Vergil typifies human reason; but he also symbolizes the fact that his works were, in Dante's opinion, the chief sources of enlightenment during the Middle Ages, as well as the further fact that Vergil was the chief influence on Dante's own intellectual development; for through him Dante learned to comprehend the universe visible to the intellect, the necessary preliminary to earthly happiness and to an understanding of the vaster universe that theology discloses to the eye of faith.

The time of the vision is said to have been from Good Friday to Easter Sunday in the year 1300, hence Dante says the sun was mounting with the same stars that accompanied him when Divine Love first moved the heavenly bodies; for according to theological teaching, the creation took place when the stars are in the position they occupy at Easter.

The only other matter in the first canto that requires mention is the "feltro" passage. This is merely a prophecy put in the mouth of Vergil to the effect that Italy would some day have a redeemer who would purge her politics of the brutal selfishness that characterized them. The prophecy is purposely couched in terms that have no specific meaning, and any attempts to make it refer to a definite person are merely illustrations of how incapable the average mind is of appreciating anything that does not have a very limited and personal application.

INFERNO I

When at the middle point upon life's way
I found myself within a forest drear,
For I was from the rightful path astray.
Ah, it to picture is a task severe,—
5 That savage wood both rough and cruel sore,
Which in the thought awakes again my fear!
So bitter is it death is little more;
But of the good which there I found to treat,
I shall what else I saw therein tell o'er.
10 How there I entered I cannot repeat,
So wrapped in slumber was I in that part
Where from the pathway true I turned my feet.
But when I came unto an hillside's start,—
The place at which that valley first divides
15 Which with its terrors had so pricked my heart,—
I lifted up my eyes and saw its sides
Already clothe that planet's brilliancy
Which men aright through every pathway guides.
Then stilled became the fear in some degree
20 The lake within my heart contained always
Throughout that night I passed so piteously,
And as a man, with breath that toiling stays,
Who from the sea doth on the shore arrive,
Turns round upon the dreadful main to gaze;
25 So then my mind, which fear ceased not to drive,
Turned back its vision o'er that pass to run
Which no one ever yet had left alive.
When I some rest had given my frame fordone,
Once more across the desert slope I went,
30 My firm foot being e'er the lower one.
But lo, almost on starting the ascent,
I saw a leopard, quick and full of grace,
With hide upon which differing colors blent.
Depart it would not from before my face,
35 But so impeded all advance of mine
That oft I thought my footsteps to retrace.
The sun was just beginning then to shine,
And with those stars he was ascending there
Which his companions were when Love Divine
40 Impelled to motion first those objects fair;
So that to hope the best it was my right,
From that fierce beast of vari-colored hair,
Both from the hour and from the season bright;
But not so much but that I was dismayed,
45 When suddenly a lion met my sight,
Which seemingly its way against me made
With head erect and ravening to feed,
So that the very air appeared afraid.

- And then a wolf I saw, which with all greed
 Seemed laden, from its dreadful meagreness,
 Which wretched lives had many made to lead.
 This latter brought on me such heaviness,
 So fearful was the aspect that she had,
 That I lost hope the height e'er to possess.
 And as a man who when he gains is glad,
 But comes the time when losses persecute,
 In all his thoughts doth weep and groweth sad ;
 So I became before that peaceless brute,
 Which, ever as it slowly towards me crept,
 Me back was thrusting where the sun is mute.
 While thus I towards a lower region swept,
 My eyes on one before me there I placed,
 Who weak appeared from silence long time kept.
 When I beheld him in that mighty waste :
 "Have mercy on me," unto him I cried,
 "If thou be shade or man by flesh embraced."
 "Man am I not, but was," he then replied,
 "And parents had I from the Lombard state,
 And Mantuans by birth on either side.
Sub Julio I was born, although 'twas late,
 And lived at Rome beneath Augustus good,
 While yet the false and lying gods were great.
 Poet was I, and sang the hardihood
 Shown by Anchises' son, who came from Troy
 When haughty Ilion in ashes stood.
 But why returnest thou where ills destroy?
 Why dost thou not ascend the lovely mount
 Which is the source and cause of every joy?"
 "Now art thou Vergil, and indeed that fount
 Which doth so great a stream of speech expand?"
 I said, while shame did o'er my forehead mount,
 "O light and honor of the poet band,
 Let me avail the love and honor now
 With which so oft thy volume I have scann'd!
 My master and my author, too, art thou :
 Thou art the only one from whom I take
 The fair style that doth me with fame endow.
 Behold the beast ; she me to turn doth make :
 Aid me against her, famous sage I pray ;
 She makes my very veins and pulses quake."
 "It thee befits to take another way,"
 He answered, when me weeping he beheld,
 "If thou wouldst from this savage spot away ;
 Because that beast which thee to cry compelled
 Lets not her paths by others be traversed,
 But hinders them until them death hath felled.

Her nature is so wicked and accurst
That she can never sate her greedy will,
But gorging makes her hungrier than at first.
100 She wives with many beasts, and greater still
Their multitude shall grow, until the hound
Shall come that her with agony shall kill.
He nourished shall not be by gold nor ground,
But wisdom, love, and manfulness supreme;
105 And 'twixt two feltros shall his home be found.
He shall that humble Italy redeem
For which the maid Camilla's death took place;
Turnus', Euryalus', Nisus' wounds did stream.
He forth from every city shall her chase,
110 Till she once more shall back to Hell be brought,
Whence Envy her did first of all displace.
So I it for thy betterment have thought
That thou shouldst follow, and that I should guide,
Till thou those realms eternal shalt have sought
115 Where thou shalt by the desperate shrieks be tried
Of all those ancient spirits, torture-rent,
By each of whom the second death is cried.
Then shalt thou see the ones that are content
To stay within the fire, for they believe
120 That they will sometime to the blest be sent;
To mount to whom, if thou shouldst wish conceive,
A spirit shall conduct more fit than I,
I shall to her entrust thee when I leave:
For that great Emperor who rules on high,
125 Because I did his righteous laws disdain,
Permits not me his city to draw nigh.
His rule is everywhere, but there his reign,
There is his city and his lofty seat:
O happy he elected it to gain!"
130 And I to him: "Poet, I thee entreat
By that true God who was unknown to thee,
That this and greater ill I may not meet,
Do thou, as thou hast promised to, lead me
So I may look Saint Peter's gate upon,
135 And those thou say'st endure such agony."
Then he set out, and I behind kept on.

SIDNEY GUNN.

St. John's College, Maryland.

THE ARTS COLLEGE AND THE DEMOCRACY

The heyday of the elective system in the Arts College has passed, it is said. Harvard has made modifications of it, looking toward a correlation of the courses selected respectively by each student. Other colleges, alarmed at the apparent futility of their effort to make an education emerge from an elected succession of studies, have put restrictions upon the student's freedom of choice. The movement, faint as it is, seems to be in the way of a reassertion of the fitness of the college to dogmatize in the matter.

It was, perhaps, after all, not difficult to conclude that a college without a clear sense of what it was driving at was an anomaly. By its nature the college may be supposed to have wisdom above the common lot, wisdom at least greater than that of the student who comes to it to learn. Such is its function, its reason for being. For it to have refused, therefore, to define its aim, to have refused all but the most incidental guidance to its students, was to deny the very thing for which they may be supposed to have come to it. Yet the situation was not new; Socrates, in an older democracy, had beheld it among the Sophists. "In like manner," he had warned his young friend Hippocrates, "those who [offer] the wares of knowledge . . . and retail them to any customer who is in want of them, *praise them all alike*, and I should not wonder, O my friend, if many of them were ignorant of their effect upon the soul; and their customers equally ignorant."¹

It was, when we came to it, discouraging to find the inconsistencies into which we had labored, so long anticipated, so openly pointed out. We might have seen the warning, been aware of the inconsistency. I dare say that we were, throughout, really far from the concession that one thing was as good as another. We were never, for all our system, quite willing to deny that wisdom implies discrimination, or that it implies a

¹ This and the following quotations are from Jowett's translation.

structure of thought; but it is undeniable that we did put ourselves in the way of virtually making this concession, denying these truths — in the way of being judged as Sophists, retailing our wares to any customer who was in want of them, and, in ignorance of their effect upon the soul, praising them all alike. It was but little intellectual comfort to know that such imputations were just. The logical need was to discriminate among our wares, discover their effect upon the soul, and with an effective authority praise those that were best.

The advice of Socrates in the not dissimilar case was that Hippocrates should gain first an understanding of good and evil—advice which would point for us to the moral training of the older humanistic discipline. "If, therefore, you have understanding of what is good and evil," he said, "you may safely buy knowledge of Protagoras or anyone; but if not, then, O my friend, pause and do not hazard your dearest interests at a game of chance. For there is far greater peril in buying knowledge than in buying meat and drink. . . . When you buy the wares of knowledge you cannot carry them away in another vessel; they have been sold to you, and you must take them into the soul and go your way, either greatly harmed or greatly benefited by the lesson: and therefore we should think about this and take counsel with our elders; for we are still young — too young to determine such a matter."

To follow such advice, however, into the establishment of the older humanistic curriculum would seem to bear the taint of old-fashion. We have got away, with great trouble, from the limitations of that discipline. Yet the alternative within the range of the modern college — the sciences, natural and political — is not so new as to lend itself much glamor of modernity. It was the natural and political philosophers whom Socrates himself opposed. Scarcely had he uttered his advice to Hippocrates when they were confronted by Protagoras, whom the young man was eager to secure as teacher, and against whose teaching the warning had been directed.

"Do I understand you," asked Socrates, "and is your meaning that you teach the art of politics, and that you promise to make men good citizens?"

"That, Socrates," Protagoras answered, "is exactly the profession that I make."

The alternatives are old, so old that the only taint that clings to the moral discipline comes from the fact that the Renaissance and the four not fruitless centuries that followed have staled it by their choice. It is not on the ground of modernity, therefore, that discrimination can be made in favor of the sciences. Besides, of the two, the sciences are, if anything, rather the older.

Illogical, however, as the elective system was, and hopeful as the present movement may be, there was one advantage in it: it was fluid; it crystallized nothing. It could gather to itself none of the fixity that is possible for the established curricula that may grow out of it. The hopefulness of the present moment, therefore, is troubled. Once organized, new curricula will attain to a fixity that has its dangers as well as its advantages. The present moment, then, when change is making for crystallization, is especially critical in the fortunes of the college.

I

The clue to problems of education, it is a platitude to say, lies in the aim of the society which is to be served. Education, in general, and apart from private variations, is no more than the endeavor to make, consciously, and by wise direction, for the end for which the society it serves is making. Since, therefore, we are a democracy, it is the *needs of a democracy* that must say what education should be given to those whom it tries to develop consciously for its service. Other training there is in the haphazard stress of necessity, or in the aloof selection of individuals, but there, in theory, society tries to do for those who submit themselves to it, the particular thing, out of all possible things, that will best make for its own ends. This is the function of the college. This is the *democratic* function of the college. Other function it is hard to conceive. What the ultimate aim of a democracy, is it would be hazardous to define; whole philosophies lie in the way of such an attempt. Yet for the moment its aims may be said, in large terms, to be civilization. With a less generous aim we can hardly be satisfied. If

democracy is justifiable, it must be justified on the ground that it is a civilizing force; if it were decivilizing, or less civilizing than a possible alternative, opinion that held it so would shift to the support of the better substitute. That there is not lacking to-day a growing body of such opinion everyone is aware. So threatening is it, indeed, as to make clear thinking and sharp definition imperative, not only for intellectual satisfaction, but for social self-preservation. We may say, therefore, that with us the college is enlisted by democracy in the cause of civilization.

Right democratic education is one that makes for civilization by the democratic route. Such a formula is, of course, not new; and it shows neither exceptionally clear thinking nor sharp definition. It has, however, for the moment, this advantage—that it includes the whole area within which, somewhere, the specific right definition lies, and the whole area within which the vagaries of opinion may wander. How baffling are the possible vagaries within it, is witnessed by the recent spectacle of the college, which, in trying to be democratic in its service to civilization, gave up the problem, and threw the responsibility of clear thinking and sharp definition upon the shoulders of its untrained students.

One of the most curious of current vagaries lies in the increasing appeal, in the name of democracy, for vocational training. Let democracy look to it, however, when, by its loose thinking, it cries at one with its worst enemies. For vocational training is aristocratic. It is the very device by which Plato, and every aristocrat since Plato, would establish and maintain the caste and inequality of an aristocratic society. We may well imagine the sardonic smile with which those thoughtful, if unsympathetic, observers of our own time, who believe democracy still to be on trial, or to have been on trial and failed, would greet, in their aloofness, the spectacle of such a plea. Their belief is that the desires of a democracy are inevitably for the low; that the concern of democracy is solely for its bodily sensations; that it has no craving for things of the spirit. They can see in such a plea for vocational training only a confirmation of their disbelief. They can see in it the plea for the sensations

of the body, and a disregard for the cultivation of the mind and the spirit. Nor are they dissatisfied; they believe that democracy is thus taking its inevitable course; that the sooner those whose inevitable taste is for the sensations of the body give up their futile dallying with the cultural discipline and are trained exclusively with the things of the body — their manual training, their agriculture, their book-keeping — the sooner will the democratic experiment conclude its wasteful course, and come to its inevitable downfall.

And with how bitter a smile would the fathers contemplate the spectacle of this plea for vocational training in the name of democracy! For whatever democracy may have come to mean to the democracy itself, for those who struggled so desperately to establish it, their sacrifice was ennobled by the vision of a social order in which the higher things of life should be open to the many, and of a many eager to avail themselves of the spiritual development which had been the privilege of the few. To them democratic government was but the means to the spread of that culture of which with such apparent injustice they saw the mass of mankind deprived. How poisonous a drop in their cup of hope, therefore, would have been the sound of the cry, made in the very name of democracy, to turn its schools over to the training of its masses in the lower offices of life, that minister, not to the mind and spirit, but to the body and to the sensations. Not, perhaps, that by the democratic theory, they should not have the thing they want; but that they should have wanted that kind of thing! Therein to-day lies the bitterness of the spectacle to those whose hopes are still pinned to the democratic faith.

For what is the meaning of democracy that any noble man would turn a finger to compass it? Surely not a belief that men should do as they wish, no matter what its good or evil. Rather a belief that there is in all men a craving for noble things—a craving too impartially given to be arbitrarily thwarted. Such is its real significance to every generous believer. The only education that is truly democratic, therefore, since democracy takes its bent away from aristocracy, is that which offers to those who in an aristocratic society would be

trained only in the lower offices of life, the higher education which before was the privilege of the few. Anything less is a concession to the logic of the aristocratic contention. For the people to cry out for just that training that would have been imposed upon it by an aristocratically favored class is to shatter the vision which alone ennobled the struggle out of which democracy arose, and which alone makes it worth the devotion of noble minds.

The same conclusion may be applied to the vocational use of the arts college. To plead that the youths who come to it from many kinds of homes and with various ambitions do not want the particular kind of thing that the older humanistic discipline afforded, but want what will be of use to them, is to fall with the schools into the scheme for class training that is far from democratic. It is to make for a civilization conceived and bred in aristocratic ideals, and to make for it by the aristocratic route. There is nothing paradoxical, therefore, in the statement that vocational training is class training — that it is aristocratic. If we are to find the real democratic education, we must look for it in the democratic ideal of civilization.

II

To say that civilization is at stake in the choice of a college curriculum is to use large terms with apparent fatuity. And yet we are, in a logical sense, bound to act as though it were. The college is the social instrument that has no other reason for being than its direct service to civilization. In so far, therefore, as we have any belief in the college at all, must we believe in it on that ground. Civilization *is* at stake so far as the college has an effect upon it.

The term 'civilization' is dangerously vague; yet it has at least this clear denotation — that it is not *things* but *effective ideas* — not engines, not paintings, not even books, but thoughts, wisdom, standards of judgments, qualities of will. Aztec writings are an evidence or a product of civilization — not, even in the loosest current speech, the thing itself. The thing itself is a human quality; it lies in the minds and actions of living men. If the accumulations of this quality were like the accumu-

lations of money, and could be handed down bodily from one generation to another, the problem of civilization would be a very different one. But here is the eternal distinction: what one generation attains to dies unless it is wholly re-made in the next. If it still lived, then, so far as what was learned is concerned, a community might say to its individuals: "Acquire what knowledge you will; civilization is safe on the basis of already acquired ideas." But that is not the case. Those fundamental ideas have ever to be re-created in the minds of the rising generation. To investigate the new, to test the untried, to roam critically on the frontiers of knowledge, is the function of the graduate school, the function of the scholar, of those already informed by the known and the established. To create and re-create the established ideas that underlie civilization is the function of the schools, of the undergraduate college. The question, therefore, remains: Out of what part of all our knowledge and ideas arises the essential thing we call civilization; what knowledge and ideas must we forever re-create if we wish to maintain it?

A second scrutiny of the word 'civilization' will bring out, even in popular usage, another limit to its sense. Do we not say that one man may be a lawyer, another a doctor, another an engineer, another a chemist, another a shoemaker, and yet that all may be civilized, though each is ignorant of the special knowledge of the others? Are we not willing to grant that a well-trained doctor or lawyer or engineer may be uncivilized and use his knowledge to uncivilized ends? Do we not accord civilization to Washington, Shakespeare, Marcus Aurelius, to whom modern technical knowledge was unknown? The questions grow absurd. The essential thing that we call civilization lies not in technical knowledge, but in the field of that other knowledge within the range of every man's responsibility—the moral field.

It is this essence, this civilization itself, that education is calculated to make for. Even, however, were there still a doubt as to the logical exclusion of technical ideas from our conception of civilization, on the ground that they are, if not the thing itself, at least the agents of its spread, here would remain the

fact, pertinent to the function of the college, that whereas we may say in general that the rewards that come to the chemist, the engineer, the electrician, are such as to ensure the renewal of their professional knowledge regardless of public provision, what devolves upon the community is to train its people to such high standards of judgment and will that this professional knowledge will be used to civilized and not uncivilized ends. The automatic pull for the youth is toward that knowledge which promises, not to make him better, but to make him "better off"; whereas it is the concern of the community, not to make him "better off," but to make him better. Those other things will take care of themselves; this must be cared for.

They do take care of themselves, those other things; there is no lack of technical and professional schools for technical and professional ends. But these ends are not civilization—the essence of it. If there is to be a democratic education it must be preoccupied with those things most needed by the democracy to establish the qualities that constitute that essence. The question is, then, as to the right discipline within that college whose function is still conceived to be direct service to civilization.

They are in so far both right, those critics who, in questioning the old humanistic discipline, say that the college must serve the whole democracy, not a single stratum of it. Where they fall short is in failing to recognize that the quality of a democracy is that not a single stratum of it is responsible for its civilization. The whole mass is responsible. The whole mass, therefore, must be leavened with those ideas that constitute the standards of moral judgment. There is no longer possible the decadent shift of responsibility to a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." The effective power in society is the power of knowledge and will in individuals. Most of mankind are mere followers, it is true; and all of mankind are followers in most departments of their thought and action; but they are followers of the ideas of individual leaders, and what lead they follow is, in a democracy, wholly dependent on their own wisdom of choice. It may be said, in general, that the

quality of a civilization is dependent upon two things: the knowledge and ideas of those who lead, and the quality of judgment of those who follow. In a democracy, however, the authority of those who lead has no other sanction than the voluntary adherence of those who follow. A man of wrong ideas has little effect upon civilization if none follow him; his ideas affect no actions but his own, and he soon dies. But likewise a man of right ideas has no effect if none follow. It may be said, therefore, that in a democratic civilization there is but one ultimate factor — the judgment and the will of those upon whom the responsibility of following lies. It is this judgment and this will of the followers — that is, of everyone — that must be trained.

Judgment in the selection of what idea to follow; will to follow a wise selection — discipline to such an end is, the only education logically to be called democratic; for upon the quality and prevalence of those attainments hang the maximum number of consequences to a democracy. The presence of a false leader in a democratic community, though he come in for a scoring at the hands of the moralist, is in itself insignificant. Without a voluntary following he would soon starve, or turn honest to win one. In an aristocracy the leader himself is most significant, for birth or position gives him power for good or evil; in a democracy the significant thing is not the leader, but the only thing that makes him a leader — the judgment and will of those who select and follow him. The humbug lives by the moral incompetence of his dupes. If our theatre is poor it is poor because of the bad judgment of those who go. If our magazines, our novels are poor they are poor because of the bad judgment of those who buy. Every corrupt, every weak politician is the witness of morally untrained voters, incompetent to judge the human quality of the candidate they have put into office. And just as every false, every paltry, every vague, every dishonest proposal depends for its life upon the judgment of those who face the option of selection or rejection, so does every idea that makes for good. The prevalence, therefore, of ability to judge, and of will to select the better and reject the worse, is the determining factor in the civilization of a democracy.

III

Have we not, however, in the end simplified too much? Is civilization reducible to such narrow terms? May not our American contribution to history be, worthily, simply the material development of material resources? May we not, like the Hanse towns of the Middle Ages, have our own type of civilization, and that a commercial one? Or are we too fully in that stream of European culture that flowed from Greece to Rome, and from Greece and Rome to Renaissance Europe, and from Europe to our own beginnings, to diverge in our own different directions? There are influences making both ways; the questions are not fanciful or impertinent. Yet when we discuss the Arts College we are, in a very real sense, committed to the stream of culture — committed to the belief that our civilization has as essential elements those things that are to be cultivated only by the prevalence of highly developed judgment of human nature and of the products of the human spirit. The Arts College is itself *par excellence* the product and the agent of that culture. The question is not one, therefore, as to the alternative of moral or industrial civilization. It lies wholly within the moral field of the cultural ideal. And so in the end we may repeat that the ability to judge human nature and the products of the human spirit, and the will to select the better and reject the worse, is the determining factor in our democratic civilization, and the only factor with which the college has any concern.

Socrates or Protagoras, therefore; Socrates or the natural philosophers; the humanities or the sciences — these, now more than two thousand years later, are still the alternatives in the educational problem. It is hardly an arbitrary distinction to say that, aside from mathematics, which are not neglected in either case, the distinctive subject of the humanistic studies is human nature, and the distinctive subject of the sciences is nature. A humanistic curriculum to-day would, it is true, include the physical sciences, and perhaps the political, but only briefly, and from the humanistic point of view, with attention to their ideas, their contribution to philosophy, rather than to their minutiae. No doubt, too, scientific courses contain ele-

ments that are cultural. The distinction still holds, however, that the emphasis of the one is upon human nature, and of the other upon nature. If, then, we are to have the judgment of our citizens, of those who are responsible for our civilization, relentlessly trained, is it to be done best through the discipline of the sciences or through the discipline of the humanities — by a knowledge of nature, or by a knowledge of human nature?

Doubts have crept in, perhaps in view of the large sweep of such studies as are represented in the humanistic curriculum — not incomprehensible doubts as to the quality of the thinking there involved. To one whose scholarly conscience is trained in the minute accuracies of physics, in the painstaking exactitude of biological experiments, in matters where one jot or one tittle less than utter precision invalidates the results and disgraces the scholar, there is inevitably a taint of looseness in the thinking done over a drama of Euripides, an ode of Horace, an essay of Addison, a lyric of Goethe. The scientific attitude is natural enough. Such approximations as will “go” in a lecture on poetry are of such stuff as quacks are made of in science. In matters where the scientist’s scholarly judgment, his scholarly pride, are involved, such thinking is his abhorrence. In the brief period set apart for the training of the mind, to train it in anything less than the utmost precision, to cultivate the intellectual conscience in fields where approximation takes the place of exact conclusion and vague premises take the place of fact, seems to be a waste of years that might be spent in a rigorous discipline where nothing would go but accurate observation and accurate thinking checked up step by step by the impersonal, relentless logic of nature. If we are to have clear-thinking citizens, if our civilization is dependent upon the just judgment of those who are responsible for it, where can we better train that thinking than in a discipline where it can be made rigorous and precise, and where it can be tested demonstrably in the immediate and tangible presence of the facts themselves?

There is, however, an unscientific slip in the logic of such reasoning, a fault that the scientist should be the first to recognize. Science has been the occasion, in the last half-century,

of an unprecedented degree of specialization. Specialization has been one of its triumphs. Exact thinking, runs the scientific logic, is well enough, but if you are to be a botanist you must be grounded in the data of botany; if you are to be a geologist you must be grounded in the data of geology. Goethe had a great mind, but he lacked the biological knowledge to give his premonition of the evolutionary doctrine effective substance. The hypothesis hovered in the air waiting for the inexhaustible data in the great mind of a Darwin. Thought agitated in a vacuum is fruitless. No amount of clear thinking in geology will make a man a great physician. No amount of clear thinking in chemistry will make him a great psychologist. Effective thought in any field is dependent upon a knowledge of the data of that field. Data are as important to right conclusions as logic. Hence specialization, and the incalculable advantage of the specialist. He must know the data of his subject: he must know their values, their qualities, their interrelations, the norms from which they vary, the standards of perfection by which they are to be judged. The processes of logical thought lie in the establishment of premises as well as in the drawing of conclusions.

If specialization, therefore, is so essential to right judgment—held so, preëminently, by scientists themselves—it is hard to see why a training in science should be thought to serve so effectively in something else. Or conversely, if training in one field can ramify so readily and make for the highest competence in another, it is hard to see the value of specialization. Such doubts, however, are ill-natured. The scientists are right; specialization is effective. The processes of logic lie in the right understanding of premises as well as in the drawing of conclusions. And the conclusions, when drawn, *apply only to the class to which the premises belong*. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that the problems of life—the problems momentous to the character of the citizen himself, and to the democracy which he is to serve for better or for worse—belong to the field of chemistry, physics, biology, and geology. Still there is, to confute our fine-drawn theories, the actual spectacle of the college to-day where thousands of youths are urged to select their studies on appar-

ently no other ground than a trust that a knowledge of ions, protozoa, and telluride will best help them to act wisely as individuals and as citizens.

The doctrine of specialization, however, would be poor indeed if it failed us in the most momentous activities of life. Puzzled by the socialistic doctrine, the peace movement, the demands of employees, the selection of a wife, the discipline of children, the problems of their education, the municipal election, the plea of a prosecutor, the speech of a candidate — types of the real problems of every man's personal and social responsibility — he may hardly be supposed to profit by a knowledge of ions, protozoa, and telluride, than by a knowledge of human nature, and of the most significant human experience and human thought. In all the decisions so momentous to the youth's character and to the civilization to which he, its best-trained, is so important, it skills but little whether he know Boyle's law, whether he know the Mendelian theory or Porter's extensions of it, whether he know the nebular hypothesis or Chamberlain's doubts of it, whether he know the atomic theory. Some men will know these things, just as every man will know the mysteries of his own vocation, though all men need not know them. There are graduate schools for the perpetuation of such recondite knowledge. But whether he know humanity and the subtle guises of good and evil is the question most significant both to himself and to the civilization he is trained to serve.

It is true that the thinking on the more human aspects of life is vaguer, looser, less precise, than the thinking done in science. Yet if the thinking is less exact and the conclusions mere probabilities, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the inevitable defect is great in proportion to the thinker's ignorance of the data of his subject. It is these data, therefore, these human aspects of life that he needs to be trained in — their qualities, their values, their interrelations, the norms from which they vary, the standards of perfection by which they are to be judged. Use to such an end gives the only significance they possess to literature, history, and philosophy. Used and often abused as a recreation, a sedative, a narcotic, a titillation of the fancy, or, as in the modern graduate school, as the playground of a curious

"scientific" technique for the training of abusive technicians, these exercises of the human reason are still, in that residuum of the best that is known as classic, significant for but one thing—that they provide the most accurate available presentation of the data of humanity. Here it is that human nature in its most significant aspects is revealed. Here its thoughts and their value and influences are shown, not only abstractly, but in their actual working out over long periods of time and under widely varying influences. Here are narrated its significant experiences. Across this stage march its great men, revealing the qualities that made them great, and powerful for good or evil. Here are traced their influences upon the lives of men and nations. Here may be seen the working, now for better, now for worse, of that ultimate power in civilization—the judgment and will of those effective numbers who determine what ideas shall prevail.

IV

This storing of the mind with the most significant data of human thought and experience—this process, this attainment, is culture. It is not, however, a matter of mere stuffing. There have been learned fools enough. The scientists are right in their insistence upon discipline of thought. To say nothing of mathematics, however, which has ever been a subject of the humanistic curriculum, the culture process has its own training of the reason that brings the mind far nearer to the type of thought needed in human affairs than the more exact ratiocinations of science. Science, it is true, disciplines the mind in the relation of cause and effect—the relation that lies at the heart of all moral problems; yet to know of causal relations in one field does nothing to reveal them in another. To reason from the presence of sulphuric acid as a cause to the opening of the pylorus of the stomach as an effect, does little to reveal the causal relation between the discipline of a child and its future effect upon his character. To know how mountains dwindle with frost and rain does little to reveal the causal relation between mental quality and moral conduct. But to read in a dialogue of Plato the relation between knowledge and virtue, to

read in Thucydides of the effect upon the democracy of the subtle flattery of the demagogue Alcibiades, to read in Horace of the effect of intemperate lust upon the civilization of Rome, to read in Marcus Aurelius of the effect of restraint and reflection upon the integrity of the soul, to follow in every drama the close-wrought chain of cause and effect that is the essence of the dramatic form, is to learn of causal relations that come home to the daily life of the citizen in those matters that are most momentous to his own character and to the civilization to which he is so important.

If it is supposed that none the less such reasoning is too general, based on data too intangibly elusive for present demonstration, while the reasonings of science are based on data specific, definite, present to hand, here again do we bring up with the doctrine of specialization. That the data of literature and history are large, intangible, remote, not susceptible of final definition, or absolute generalization, makes the very heart of the distinction in their favor; they are the data of the life they deal with. This is the life men live. These are the data men have had, and still have, to base their judgments on, to solve their problems with. They are large and intangible, it is true, and not to be brought into the laboratory for manipulation and experiment; but neither are the data of conduct. These are the data of conduct. And though the conclusions are at best mere probabilities, yet life goes forward on the basis of probabilities. We vote, we punish our children, choose our professors, select our friends, buy our books, support policies on premises that can never be weighed and measured in the laboratories. The faiths we act upon are mere tissues of probability. What's to come is yet unsure. The very definiteness and tangibility of the scientific process of reasoning renders it unsuited to the discipline of the mind for the problems of personal and social life. And in the event science, with its training in exact data, has reared a generation of scholars so impatient of these human problems that they have denied them, and turned history and literature into a science of documents and card catalogues, turned humanity into sociology, philosophy into psychology, and turned ideas and the discourse of reason out of doors.

Not only, however, is the student of the humanities trained in the large logic of events themselves; his mind is disciplined in the minuter delicacies of thought that make for precision. In the translation of languages he is put under the necessity of giving exact expression to a wide variety of ideas. Thinking is done in language. Every word added to a vocabulary cultivates a new area in the mind, opens up new relationships. And translation forces him into constant acquisition. It does even more than the reading of his own tongue, for it forces him to *use* the words he adds, and use them with a minute check upon their accuracy such as even science does not afford. To turn over the complex ideas of a Sophocles, a Plato, a Cicero, a Racine, a Goethe, into good English means to be practiced not only in the appreciation of subtle relationships, but also in the actual expression of them in the student's own instrument of thinking. It introduces to his understanding and use the subtle connectives and idiomatic turns, the grammatical resources of the language that are the means of the minuter delicacies of thought. It makes him aware of the finer shades of meaning by forcing him to express them. It introduces him to the very flavor of thought, in such phrases as "I dare say," "as it were," "to say the least," "so to speak." Years of such practice may well be believed to give him a mind trained in the processes and materials of thought, and capable of giving it effective expression.

Compared with this practice in the expression of the ideas of great and trained minds, the thinking of the student in the processes of undergraduate science is meagre and gross. In neither science nor the humanities does he do what is popularly known as original thinking. In both is he laboring to master and express what has already been mastered and expressed. The comparison must lie, therefore, in the value and variety of the thoughts involved. In undergraduate science the relationships he must master and express are largely the simple relationships of objective material things. What he must render into exact expression is largely the description of objective things. His processes of reasoning are largely embodied in the description of other things. His expression is his meagre own; it brings him no new experience with the possibilities of language; it

gives him no new vocabulary beyond a few technical terms, and leaves him where he was in his ability to appreciate the subtle realtionships in the unfolding of a thought.

Reaction, however, has its excesses, and it would seem that to cling to Greek and Latin as still desirable for the humanistic discipline were to fall weakly back upon the old curriculum, regardless of the needs of the modern time — regardless especially of the claims of French and German. Yet for disciplinary purposes, though they should undoubtedly be taught, French and German are inferior to the ancient tongues; for whereas, after a year's study of them the student begins to think in the original, and comes as a consequence to the possibility of that same loose, vague approximation of the idea that so often vitiates his reading in English, in the reading of Greek and Latin, on the other hand, he must for years translate, before the idea emerges to him. This translation, this rendering into English, so soon unnecessary in French and German, keeps the student of the older literatures constantly in the practice of exact expression, and exact expression, moreover, of ideas that are fundamental to the whole of our Western civilization.

V

Such a discipline has proved its value; it has been the discipline of great men for the four hundred years since the Renaissance. It is still the discipline of Europe. Even her greatest scientists — Bacon, Newton, Lamarck, the Humboldts, Darwin, Huxley, Wallace — are products of it. Yet we in America, where trained leaders and trained followers are so needed yet so few, are moving away from the only discipline that is unknown by its fruits to be able to produce them. We have proved ourselves to Europe impatient of slow and deep foundations. Intolerant of what does not show, sometimes ignorant of what cannot be seen above ground, we plunge our untrained youth into the building of houses upon the sand. And we are humbly delighted when a few of them, as is inevitable, build higher than their humbler neighbors.

This impatience is nowhere so evident as in that other group of studies called the political and social sciences. They too

have for our age the recommendation that they apply directly to the superstructure. They repeat in their resolute modernity the words of that very Protagoras who was trying to secure Hippocrates as his pupil:—

"If Hippocrates comes to me he will not experience the sort of drudgery with which other Sophists are in the habit of insulting their pupils; who, when they have just escaped from the arts are taken and driven back into them by these teachers; . . . but if he comes to me he will learn what he comes to learn. And this is prudence in affairs private as well as public; he will learn to order his own house in the best manner, and he will be best able to speak and act in the affairs of the State."

If we analyze the status of the political studies we find them curiously recommended to the untrained student. There is this obviousness of application, which says with Protagoras, "Come to me, and I will teach you what you want to know without all the tedious discipline others would force you into." There is the appearance of dealing with human nature—an appearance that has lent some currency to their assumed title of "modern humanities." There is, finally, their use of the term "science." Here is contradiction: if they are sciences they are not humanities; if they are humanities they are not sciences. If they are an attempt at both, there is danger of a confusion which, for disciplinary purposes, would be fatal.

To say that the sciences deal distinctively with nature is admittedly true of the natural sciences. Of the political "sciences" it will, I dare say, be recognized as largely true when it is remembered that though they deal with humanity they deal with the part of it that is "natural" as distinguished from that surprising, that (scientifically speaking) incalculable element of the human spirit which constitutes the whole field of the humanistic discipline—the play of the mind, the moral passions. Economics deals with wealth in the hands of ideally self-seeking beings with all their other human qualities omitted. Such an exclusion is essential to any certainty of generalization. Political science deals with the machinery of government. Sociology, when it is not history or moral philosophy—i.e., when it is a science—deals with those animal elements in

humanity upon which alone scientific generalizations can be based — those uniform reactions to given stimuli, which lend themselves to exact calculation. It does, as a consequence, occupy itself largely with uncivilized peoples, anthropological data, and the least intelligent stratum of civilized society. This discrimination is in no way invidious. It only points the distinction that in so far as they are sciences they must needs deal with calculable elements. In so far as they are something else do they invalidate their disciplinary value as sciences, without attaining to the purity of the humanistic concern for human nature and the products of the human spirit.

To object to this combination of nature and human nature as a subject of undergraduate discipline is not to object to the political studies *qua* studies. On the contrary, it is to recognize that they are too important to be undertaken by untrained minds. They should be approached humbly, with a mind steeped in history and the data of humanity, and trained in rigorous thinking. They are not subjects of discipline — settled subjects in which the fundamental hypotheses, the data, and the principles are established; they are the field of dispute, the field of theory, the field of the *application* of that knowledge of human nature, the foundations of which it is the purpose of the college to lay. It is those other studies, the real humanities, that in theory are reasonable, and in history have proved effective to discipline the mind in this fundamental knowledge of human nature and the nature of good and evil.

Recent thinking in matters of college education has grown confused, perhaps in proportion as the number of educated men on college faculties has decreased. At any rate the assertions that underlie the modern changes in the collegiate routine and the collegiate aim bear the marks of undisciplined thinking. Undisciplined thinking responds to prejudice, and the main effort of prejudiced thought is to transfer a name which carries the credit, the "good will" earned by one thing, to a thing which has never earned it. A college education gained its high place in men's esteem through the superiority of men trained in the humanities; and the effort is to transfer the term "college education" and its prestige to a training in nature, in trades, in

anything desired. Democracy won men's loyalty, their passionate devotion, through the generous faith it implied that the longing for the noble things of life was too impartially distributed to be with justice arbitrarily thwarted in all but a few; and the effort is to transfer the term 'democracy' and its prestige to the fulfilling of all the desires of the people, be they good or bad. Science has earned men's admiration for its thoroughness, the reliability of its generalizations, and its service to humanity; and the effort is to transfer the term 'science' and its prestige to the political studies which, in their nature, cannot be precise, and cannot be exact in their generalizations. The humanities won their admiration of men through the rich culture which came through their mastery; and the effort is to transfer the term 'humanities' and its prestige to the political studies, which are largely preoccupied with the least human elements in man.

The confusions of undisciplined thought are endless, and their evil incalculable. The choice of what ideas to follow is largely determined for us by the terms in which they are couched. It is the very function of words to crystallize and preserve our ideas. Yet how, if they are misused by loose thinking? We may love the flag and follow loyally where it leads; but how, if it has been taken by the enemy and is flaunted as a lure? The need of our democracy is a discipline that will reestablish clear thinking and right judgment in human affairs, to give us clear-headed citizens to conduct public business, clear-headed teachers to educate our youth, a clear-headed electorate to know whom to trust, whom to follow. And the humanistic discipline, concentrating upon the data of human experience and human thought, and disciplining the mind of its student in the very instrument of his thinking—language—has proved in the past its effectiveness to fulfil these imperative needs of our democratic civilization.

And here, too, may be done what science leaves even untried. It has been natural enough to hear what we have been accustomed to hear in ever louder volume from the very sources that have changed the college,—the cry for moral education. Step by step with the recession of the older humanistic discipline has seemed to disappear the sense that this older discipline was

wholly moral in its purpose — that morality depends upon a training of the judgment in the data of humanity, its thoughts, its actions, and their consequences. And step by step has grown the superficial sense that it consists in abstinence from vice and in the practices — not to be despised — of doing good. And step by step has swelled the cry that the college should give moral instruction (can it be of this latter type, applied like a plaster, externally?) while more and more the students have flocked to studies which lie wholly without the moral field, and which can never touch their moral natures. The will to choose the better and reject the worse is no less important to a character or a civilization than a power of high judgment, as those who make the moral plea seem to know without seeming to know that by substituting the unmoral for the moral studies they have destroyed the discipline that was founded for no other purpose than the creation of that virtue for which they are so solicitous. There is, it is true, no specific for the creation of virtue; yet there has been in human experience no method so effective to stimulate it as the contemplation of human nobility: Jeremiah, Christ, Socrates, Antigone, Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis — the roll is long, and of those who have been stirred by them to emulation and the love of virtue, the roll is endless. To spend four years in such preoccupation, while the memory is retentive, the reason expanding, the heart impressionable, and the spirit generous, may well be thought the best assurance a society could provide for the virtue of its best-trained citizens. This is the end of education. When we have returned to this in the college, we shall have crystallized what we can scarce afford to have in less than eternal form.

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THE 'WHITE HAND' AS A LITERARY CONCEIT

In the April (1911) number of this REVIEW, pp. 207 ff., Professor Tilley has collected passages from Shakespeare and from a few other poets of the Elizabethan age referring to the whiteness of ladies' hands. His study leads him to conclude that "the frequent repetition of this thought" was a "tribute to their beauty in accordance with the standards of his day, which placed a fair skin among the rarest possessions of a beautiful woman. To the Elizabethan poets, exquisitely sensitive as they were to feminine beauty, a fair soft hand with slender fingers appealed intensely."

This conclusion may be correct, for the 'white hand' from its very rarity in comparison with the hand of darker hue seems to have appealed intensely to poets, and to lovers, of all ages. However this may be, I am of the opinion that such passages as those cited by Professor Tilley are of little or no value in aiding us to form an opinion of the writer's personal ideal of beauty. For two very important factors have to be taken into consideration,—the nature of the play or poem in which such passages occur and the influence of the traditional "lover's vocabulary."¹ It is the latter, I think, and not "Renaissance standards of beauty," unless we mean literary standards, which has had "no little influence in establishing the white hand among the English poets."

Confining ourselves for the present to Shakespeare solely, we may note that in those plays which are taken from English sources, those in which the characters and scenes are English,—e.g., the historical plays, *Merry Wives*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*,—there is, with one exception, no reference to the 'white hand,' and, I may add, there are very few conceits of any kind. This one exception is *Henry V*, 3, 6, where Orleans swears, "By the white hand of my lady." Here it is important to note that a Frenchman swears this oath, and that, throughout this whole

¹I may note that this article is part of a more exhaustive study on the subject of lovers' conceits as literary tradition.

scene, the young men talk the hyperbolic language of sporting gallants. The plays, therefore, in which reference to the white hand is made are those which are taken directly or indirectly from Italian or French sources, and such references, and conceits generally, are most common in those works of Shakespeare which are most influenced by these sources. Hence they abound in his earlier poetry and in his sonnets, and in such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*. This fact of itself is enough to brand the white hand as a conceit, but Shakespeare himself leaves us no doubt on this point, for he satirizes not only the common use "of 'lily' as a descriptive adjective to picture the fairness of feminine beauty," but such hyperboles generally. In *Love's Labour's Lost* he pictures Rosaline as a brunette of the richest and most sparkling type,³ and dwells with unusual fondness on every detail of her dark beauty. Biron in his soliloquies confesses that she is "a wightly³ wanton with a velvet brow | With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes" (3, 1, 203), and the king tells him that she is as "black as ebony" (4, 3), and that since her time, "Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack" (4, 3). These are exaggerations, of course, but beneath them we can detect, as Furness remarks, "the complete picture of a brunette." Yet Biron, in his rhapsodies of love, superscribes his letter "to the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline" (4, 2, 148), speaks of the "heaven of her brow," and says that "of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty | Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek" (4, 3, 251). And Rosaline herself makes fun of his compliments when she says (5, 2, 32), "The numbers true; and were the numbering too, | I were the fairest goddess on the ground. | O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!" | Prin.—"Anything like?" | Ros.—"Much in the letters, nothing

³ Cf. *Shakesperiana*, Vol. 7, p. 89.

³ I adopt the reading "wightly" in preference to the "whitly" of the Variorum, not because the latter reading weakens my argument, for I am perfectly willing to admit that Rosaline's complexion was "creamy" as Furness explains the term, but because I fail to see the propriety of Biron's making, in this passage, the slightest concession to Rosaline's fairness. In his self-communings he goes to the utmost extremes in describing the blackness of his beloved's complexion (cf. 3, 3, "I am toiling in pitch"), and the epithet "whitly" surely weakens the picture which he tries to draw.

in the praise." Moreover, when the trick of the three lovers fails and their disguises are discovered, Biron forswears such "Taffeta phrases — Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation" (5, 2, 432), and protests, "By this white glove" (how white the hand God knows!) | Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd!"

By the side of Biron's rhapsodies over the fair beauty of his dark lady we may place those of Demetrius in *M. N. Dream*, when he awakes after Oberon has put upon his eyes "the flower of this purple dye," and sees Helena (3, 2, 141): "O, Helen, Goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!—high Taurus' snow, | Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow, | When thou holdst up thy hand," etc. Surely Shakespeare did not mean such hyperboles to be taken seriously, for in this same play he takes occasion to burlesque them. At the rehearsal of the "hempen home-spuns," Thisbe says (3, 1, 95), "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue," etc., and at the performance before the king, when she comes upon Pyramus's dead body, "Dead, dead? A tomb | Must cover thy sweet eyes. | These lily lips, | This cherry nose, | These yellow cowslip cheeks | Are gone, are gone; lovers, make mourn, | His eyes were green as leeks." Curiously enough, a century before Shakespeare, Francesco Berni⁴ satirized in a similar fashion, these very same conceits:—

Chiome d'argento fine, irte e attorte
 Senz' arte, intorno ad un bel viso d'oro;
 Fronte crespata, u'mirando io mi scoloro,
 Dove spunta i suoi strali amore e morte;
 Occhi di perle vaghi, luci torte
 Da ogni obbietto disuguale a loro;

⁴5, 2, 330. It may be noted that Petrarch, Son. CLXVI, speaks of Laura's white hand being covered by a white glove: "Candido, leggiadretto, e caro guamo, | Che copria netto avorio, e fresche rose." The same combination occurs in Lorris, *Rom. de la Rose* (ed. Michels), vs. 564.

⁵Cf. Puccianti, *Antologia della Poesia Italiana da Dante al Metastasio*, p. 288. I owe the reference to the kindness of my colleague, Professor A. B. Myrick. This passage in Shakespeare may be made to serve as a parody of the words which Froissart, *La Prison d'Amoureuse*, l. 471 ff., puts in the mouth of Pynoteus (= Pyramus), when he finds the veil of Neptisphel (= Thisbe),—words which I quote below.

Ciglia di neve, e quelle, ond' io m'accoro,
 Dita e man dolcemente grosse e corte ;
 Labbra di latte, bocca ampia celeste,
 Denti d'ebano, rari e pellegrini,
 Inaudita ineffabile armonia ;
 Costumi alteri e gravi ; a voi, divini
 Servi di amor, palese fo, che queste
 Son le bellezze della donna mia.

Convincing evidence for the commonplace character of these epithets descriptive of feminine beauty is furnished by Shakespeare's sonnets. If we agree with Sidney Lee, *Life of Shakespeare*, 104 ff., whose views, however, I cannot follow in their entirety, that the "dark lady" of Sonnets CXX-CLII "may be relegated to the rank of the creatures of his fancy," it shows us simply that Shakespeare could praise both types of beauty, blonde and brunette, in language equally fervent, and that, therefore, no definite conclusion can be drawn as to his own personal preference. If, on the other hand, we agree with those who hold that the "dark lady" of these Sonnets was a real person, then, surely, Shakespeare did not share his "age's worship of the blonde type of beauty in preference to the brunette." For in Sonnet CXXX, after denying that the usual conceits, — eyes like the sun, coral lips, snow-white breasts, hair like golden wire, cheeks damask'd red and white, sweet breath, soft voice, majestic carriage, — describe his mistress, he concludes, "And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare, | As any she belied with false compare." In this case, Shakespeare's many epithets descriptive of a blonde type of beauty, — gray eyes (e.g., *Two Gent. of Ver.*, 4, 4, 197; *Tw. Night*, 1, 5, 266; *R. and J.*, 2, 4, 45), crystal eyes (*M. N. Dream*, 3, 2, 139; *L. L. Lost*, 4, 3, 142; *Cymb.*, 5, 4, 81), golden hair (*L. L. Lost*, 1. 1.; *Mer. of Ven.*, 1, 1, 170; 3, 2, 122), rosy cheeks and "lily tincture of her face" (*Two Gent.*, 4, 4, 160), ruby lips (*Cymb.*, 2, 2, 17), coral lips (*Tam. of the Shrew*, 1, 1, 179), white hand (*As You Like It*, 3, 2, 413; *Mer. of Ven.*, 2, 4, 12, etc.), and the like, are due, as I believe them to be, to the traditional lover's vocabulary.

In this vocabulary the white hand and slender fingers play a prominent part. Not only are they praised by the poets of Shakespeare's own day (cf. the examples cited by Professor

Tilley on page 210), but by all the English poets beginning with Chaucer. I select a few out of a very large number of examples.

All the sonneteers preceding Shakespeare worship in their verse the same type of beauty,—a blonde with golden hair, often described as "curl'd wire," forehead white as ivory or snow, cheeks on which the red rose mingles with the white lily, eyes bright as stars, sun, or moon, and gray in color, long slender fingers tipped with roses or pearls, a hand white as snow, milk or lily: Cf. Lodge, *Phyllis*, 9, 22; Barnes, *Parthenophil and Parthenope*, 48, 71; Constable, *Diana*, 1st Dec. 11; Daniel, *Delia*, 14, 19; Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, 7, 8, esp. 8, 32, 103; (Stella differs from the type only in having black eyes); Watson *Hekatompathia*, 7, 53; Spenser, *Amoretti*, 1, 37, 64, 81 (cf. also, *Epithal*, 148 ff.); Surrey, *Description and Praise of his Love, Geraldine; Complaint of his Lady*; and, finally, Sir Thomas Wyatt wrote a poem *In Praise of the Beauty of his Mistress' Hands*.

This praise of the golden-haired blonde and her white hands is not confined, however, to the sonneteers of the sixteenth century, but is common to all the poetry of the period. As examples from writers of the close of the century, I may cite Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, 5 ff.; Greene, *Friar Bacon*, 1, 1, 51 ff. (ed. Gayley), id. Doron's *Description of Semele* (ed. Dyce, Greene and Peele, p. 287); Peele, *Old Wives Tale* (ib. p. 455); Kyd, *Soliman and Perseda*, 4, 1, 75 ff. (ed. Boas); Lyly, *Midas*, 4, 1, *A Song of Daphne to the Lute*; Heywood, *In Praise of his Lady*. And these may be paralleled by many passages from writers of an earlier period, such as the following from Hawes, *The Pastime of Pleasure*, Canto XXX, where he describes La Belle Pucel: "Her foreheade stepe, with fayre browes bent, | Her eyen grey, her nose straight and fayre, | In her white chekes the fair blonde it went | As among the white the redde to repayre; | —Her armes slender, and of goodly bodye, | Her fingers small and therto right long, | White as the milke, with blewe vaynes among." As we go back into the fifteenth century we find Lydgate describing his gods and goddesses, as well as his human characters, in identical language; cf. his description of Pallas in *Reson and Sensuallyte*, 1029 ff.; of Venus, ib. 1536 ff.; of Mercury, ib.

1709 ff. Compare with these his description of Medea, *Troy Book*, 1, 1570 ff., of Helen,⁶ ib. 2, 3648 ff.; especially that of Polyxena, ib. 4, 584, ff., a passage full of the usual conceits. Chaucer also pictures the same blonde type; cf. his description of Emelye, *Knight's Tale*, 177 ff., "that fairer was to sene | Than is the lile upon his stalke grene, | And fressher than the May with floures newe. | —For with the rose colour stroof hir hewe." In the *Prol.*, 151 ff., he says of the Prioress, "Hir nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas, | Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed; | But sikerly she hadde a faire forheed." In the *Physician's Tale*, 30 ff., Virginia's beauty is described as painted by nature lily-white and rose-red, with tresses which Phœbus had dyed, "Lyk to the stremes of his burned hete." For the white hands, cf. *The Book of the Duchesse*, 950 ff.: "My lady—hadde— | Right faire shuldres—and armes every lith | Fattish, flesshy, not greet therwith | Right whyte hands, and nayles rede." For further examples of the blonde type, cf. *Rom. of the Rose*, 1010 ff., 1211 ff.

Since the dominating influence upon English poetry from Chaucer to Shakespeare was the poetry of Italy and France, we are justified in enquiring whether the blonde lady with golden hair, gray eyes, white hands, appears in it. Starting, therefore, with the French sonneteers of the sixteenth century, who were, in large measure, the models of the English sonneteers of the same period, it will suffice to cite one sonnet of Desportes to show that the blonde lady was beloved by him, *Diane*, 1, 11: "Du bel œil de Diane est ma flamme empruntée, | En ses nœux blonds dorez mon cœur est arrêté, | Sa main victorieuse a pris ma liberté, | Et sa douce parole a mon ame enchantée. | Son œil rend la splendeur des astres surmontée, | Ses cheveux du

⁶ Lydgate's description is meagre compared with that given in the old alliterative translation of Guido's *Historia Troiana*, written about the middle of the fourteenth century and printed in *E. E. Texts*, 39, 56. Here (vs. 3020) the author describes in order Helen's features, her golden hair, her forehead whiter than snow, her eyes shining like stars, her nose, her cheeks "as the chalke white, | As the rose was the rud," lips, mouth, teeth, chin, complexion, bust, neck, shoulders, arms and hands, breast and body. Hardly less detailed is the description of Helen given by Constantinus Manasses, a Byzantine writer of the twelfth century in his *Chron.*, 1164 ff.

soleil ternissent la beauté, | Sa main passe l'yvoire, et la divinité
 | De ses sages discours à bon droit est vantée. | Son bel œil me
 ravit, son poil doré me tient, | La rigueur de sa main mes doul-
 eurs entretient, | Et par son doux parler je sens croistre ma
 flamme. | Ainsi tourne ma vie, et n'ai plus de repos | Depuis
 l'heure qu'amour m'engrava dedans l'ame | Son œil, son poil, sa
 main, et ses divins propos." (Cf. also, for the white hand, id.
 Son. 35; *Les Amours d'Hippolyte*, Son. 33.) The same "main
 d'ivoire" appears in Marot, *Epigr.* 197 (cf. id. 51, 202). Since
 Petrarch and his disciples were the avowed models of these
 French poets, we are not surprised to find that Laura is of the
 same blonde type. Her lover never tires of singing of her golden
 hair, her snowy countenance (cf. Son. 183), her clear eyes,
 brighter than the sun and stars (Son. 301, 9, 222, 315). For
 her white hands I need cite only Son. 166: "O bella man, che mi
 distringi 'l core, | E'n poco spazio la mia vita chiudi; | Man' ov'
 ogni arte, e tutti loro studi | Poser Natura, e 'l Ciel per farsi
 onore; | Di cinque perle oriental colore, | E sol nelle mi piaghe
 acerbi, e crudi, | Diti schietti soavi; a tempo ignudi | Consente
 or voi, per arricchirmi Amore. | Candido, leggiadretto, e caro
 guanto, | Che copria netto avorio, e fresche rose; | Chi vide
 al mondo mai sì dolci spoglie? Così avers' io del bel velo altret-
 tanto. | O incostanza dell' umane cose! | Pur questo è furto; e
 vien ch' i' me ne spoglie." Such conceits are not, however,
 peculiar to Petrarch, nor original with him. His contemporary,
 Fazio Degli Uberti, employs all of them in a Canzone in which
 he describes a portrait of his lady, and dwells lovingly on her
 white and rosy hands and long, slender fingers. We find them
 also in the poetry of earlier writers, for example, in that of
 Guido Cavalcanti (d. 1300) and Guido Guinicelli (about 1250).

The blonde lady is not, moreover, a type peculiar to the Ital-
 ian and French sonneteers. She is the one perfect type of
 beauty in all kinds of poetry and in prose. A few examples
 will confirm this statement. Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* 7, st. 11 ff.,
 makes use of all the conceits in his description of Alcina, saying
 of her hand, "la candida man spesso si vede | Lunghetta al-
 quanto e di larghezza angusta | Dove nè nodo appar ne vena
 eccede." In *Di Due Amanti* of Æneas Silvius (beginning), Lu-

cretia is described as a blonde, and the "due giovinette" in Boccaccio, Nov. 96, 2, are blondes. From Froissart's poetry, which had a strong influence upon Chaucer, cf. *Paradys d'Amour*, 1147 ff: "Ensi fui je jà ferus | D'uns chevelés blons | Et d'uns vairs yex à point fendus;" id. *L'Espinette amoureuse*, 1913, 1945, 2345; *La Prison amoureuse*, 1471 ff., the words of Pynoteus (Pyramus) when he finds the veil of Neptisphelé (Thisbe): "vostre coulour | Fresce et vermelle comme rose—Belles mains, biaux piés et biaux bras | Drois et lons,—Vairs yeux, cler fronc, cevelés sors." *La Roman de la Rose* of Lorrís is full of such descriptions (cf. 527 ff., 1000 ff., 1197 ff., 1246 ff., and, for the white hand, 564): "et por garder que ses mains blanche | ne halissent ot uns blans gans." The same conventional traits appear also in *De Venus la déesse d'Amour* (ed. W. Foerster) st. 156 ff. So all the ladies in the Arthurian romances of Chrétien of Troyes are blondes with golden hair, with brows whiter than marble or ivory, with bosoms whiter than snow, with countenances "where the rose covereth the lily" (cf. the description of Enide, in *Erec et Enide*, 411 ff.; of Soredamour, in *Alexandre et Soredamour*, 785 ff.)

Such examples are typical and are merely a few out of a large number, but they are sufficient to show that the tribute which the Elizabethan poets pay to the blonde type of beauty and her white hands was conventional even in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They show us also that what we commonly conceive to be the distinct type of southern beauty, as an example of which Professor Tilley cites Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*, with her black eyes and "velvet brow," is not the literary type at all; it finds no favor with the love poets of southern peoples, whose ladies are all blondes of the most pronounced type,—a type such as we should expect to find, and as a matter of fact, do find, in the literature of a blonde race.⁷

It is not the duty of the student of literature to determine

⁷ My colleague, Professor Tupper, kindly calls my attention to the high esteem in which the blonde was held by the Anglo-Saxons; cf. his notes in his edition of the *Riddles of the Exeter Book*, pp. 95, 170, and the references there cited which show that the early Germans and Scandinavians shared in the "dislike of dark and love of fair skins."

whether this blonde type was in itself a poet's dream merely, or whether the blonde type actually predominated in southern Europe during the Middle Ages.⁸ The question which confronts him is whence came the evident conceits, the lover's language, employed by the poets to describe the fair beauty of their mistresses? My own opinion is that they come from classic literature, especially from the Roman elegiac poets, Ovid above all, and I hope to be able to show, when I have completed my study of these matters, that nearly every love-conceit in English poetry, at any rate, comes, chiefly through the Italian and French, from the same source. Here I shall give but a few examples of the "fair, soft hand with slender fingers," as we find it in Latin poetry.

That such a hand was highly prized we see from Catullus, 43, who says of a woman who lacked all the essentials of beauty, "nec longis digitis." And the same poet, in order to emphasize the effeminacy of Attis after his emasculation, writes (63, 8), "niveis — cepit manibus — typanum." Propertius frequently praises the "gleaming white arms" and the "snowy hands" of his mistress, Cynthia (cf. 3, [4], 6, 12; 2, 16, 24; 2, 22, 5), and in 2, 1, 19, he tells her to strike the lyre with her "ivory fingers." We know, too, that her hands were long and slender and that her hair was auburn (cf. 2, 2, 5). All the ladies in Ovid have the same gleaming white arms, described in *Am.* 3, 7, 8 as "eburnea brachia — candidiora nive" (cf. *Am.* 2, 16,

⁸The fact that the Normans and Germans were blondes would be sufficient to account for the prevalence of the blonde type in courtly poetry; the praise of the blonde would thus tend to become a commonplace, and pass into succeeding literature, even after the brunette type became common. Professor Michel, however, surely goes too far when he says, in a note on p. 58 of his *Théâtre Français au Moyen Age*, that black hair was rare at the end of the thirteenth century. He cites, in proof of this assertion, many passages from Old French romances in which the epithets "golden-haired," "fair-skinned," and the like occur, but he fails to note the fact that most of them are applied to the heroes of the old mythology, and that such adjectives are always applied to them in classic poetry. On the other hand a poem, *De Contemptu Mundi*, by Anselm, who died 1199, which he cites, proves that black hair could not have been uncommon, although it was unfashionable and unliterary: "arte quidem videas nigros flavescere crines | Nititur ipsa suo membra movere loco." Roman women under the Empire did exactly the same thing.

29; *Her.* 19, 140; cf. further, Tibullus, 1, 8, 33). Similarly Horace, *Odes* 2, 5, 18, describes Lalage, "albo sic umero nitens | Ut pura nocturno renidet | Luna mari." Martial, *Epigr.* 8, 56, 14, describes a boy, "pulcherrimus ille | Marmorea fundens nigra Falerna manu," which recalls the use of this epithet by Ovid, *Met.* 3, 481, where he says of Narcissus, "nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis."

That these snow-white arms and hands belong to the same blonde type of beauty as that which appears in modern literature will be apparent to any reader of Latin love poetry. Thus Propertius, 2, 3, 9, describes Cynthia's face as "candida," declares that it is whiter than the lily, and her blush as "when in milk the rosy petals of a rose do float;" her hair he describes as "fulva," auburn, but all the other poets of the day give their ladies "flava," i.e. "golden hair"; so Vergil to Dido (*Æn.* 4, 68); Tibullus to Delia (1, 5, 44); Horace to Pyrrha (*O.* 1, 5, 4); to Phyllis (2, 4, 14), to Chloe (3, 9, 19); Catullus to Ariadne (64, 63), to Queen Berenice (66, 62); Ovid to Cydippe (*Her.* 19, 57). It is interesting to note, also, that Ovid describes his gods and goddesses as having golden hair: Apollo (*Am.* 1, 15, 35), Ceres (*ib.* 3, 10, 3), Venus and Minerva (*ib.* 1, 1, 7-8),—so, be it remembered, Lydgate describes them,—even his men, cf. *Her.* 12, 11, of Jason. From later poets, whose ladies are also blondes, I need cite only Martial, 5, 37, 7; Juvenal, 6, 354. The skin of all these ladies is whiter than the whitest marble, than ivory, than wool, than milk, than swan feathers, etc., etc. (cf. *Hor. O.* 1, 19, 5; 2, 4, 2; Tibullus, 3, 4, 32; Ovid, *Her.* 19, 57; *Am.* 3, 3; especially, Ovid, *Met.* 13, 789; Martial 1, 115; 5, 37), and their eyes are torches or stars (Ovid, *Am.* 2, 16, 44; 3, 3, 9; Tibullus, 4, 2, 5; Propertius 2, 3, 14).

Such passages as these from the Latin poets of the last days of the Republic and the Augustan Age were the source, I believe, whence the early Italian and French poets drew the conceits which they employ to describe their blonde ladies. These Latin poets, however, found most of them ready at hand in Greek literature, especially in that of the Alexandrian period by which they were chiefly influenced. Many such conceits appear in the poetry of Theocritus,—compare, for example, the famous

address of Polyphemus to the "milk-white" Galatea (11, 20), and the description of Helen (18, 25 ff.),—of Callimachus, of Apollonius of Rhodes. This poetry, and that of contemporary writers, much of which has been preserved in their Latin imitators only, furnished material for the writers of the later Greek romances, of erotic letters, such as Alciphron and Philostratus, of the erotic epigrams which are contained in the Greek Anthology, and in all of these the lover's vocabulary is strained to the utmost. But the Alexandrians, although they may have invented most of the conceits which appear in later literature, were not the creators of the blonde type. Many of the Greek gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, are described as "golden-haired" by Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar, and they continued to be so described by succeeding writers in spite of the fact that the Greeks of the classical period had dark hair and dark eyes.⁹ The importance of the type in Homer removes the problem from the sphere of literature to that of anthropology where, for the present, we may leave it.

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⁹ Compare Ridgeway, *Early Age of Greece*, I, pp. 282 ff.

THE VITALITY OF THE KING JAMES BIBLE

The one book, perhaps, which scholar and untutored man alike can read with intelligence and delight is the King James Bible. The year 1911 which marks the three-hundredth anniversary of the completed labors of the translators still finds the Bible the undisputed masterpiece of English literature. The great translators succeeded in expressing the thoughts of the wise in the language of the simple. This accounts for the two-sided nature of the English Bible as literature. Written by scholars of great depth of learning, it has a true literary flavor; and couched in the language of common life, it preserved for us the speech of the people. For the peculiar glory of the Elizabethan era was its happy union of the language of literature with that of everyday life. Succeeding generations continuing steadfastly to read and to study the Bible were much influenced by the King James Version. But amid the vast production of books, magazines, and newspapers, the present generation has not been so diligent in its devotion to the Bible. To us, because we were not brought up on the Bible as our fathers were, its language begins to appear obsolete. But this obsolescence is apparent rather than real. An ignorance of the Biblical style, unfortunately sometimes boasted of, confesses a culture of veneering instead of the solid substance. Yet because there has arisen in Egypt a new King who knows not Joseph is no reason that we should allow ourselves to be enslaved.

Notwithstanding this apparent tendency to neglect the Bible, it still holds its place as the greatest single example of English prose style. Leaving out, if we can, consideration of its sacred and spiritual aspects and treating it merely as a piece of literature, we may say that the vitality of the influence of the Bible not only upon literature but also upon the popular speech is due largely to the variety of its literary forms, to the vividness and beauty of its style, and to the richness and excellence of its idioms. That the warp and woof of the language of the people and the language of literature still display the richness of Elizabethan English is attested, moreover, by the small number

of really obsolete words in the Bible. But in treating these causes of the *literary* vitality of the Bible, it is almost impossible to leave out its spiritual significance. The comfort and consolation it brings to a man's heart is a part of its greatness as literature, for we demand of a literary masterpiece that it have a spiritual quality. Dante's lofty appeal in the *Divine Comedy* owes its eternal quality to its spiritual significance. In discussing the influence of the Bible we must approach it always in a reverent spirit, acknowledging its sacredness, for in no other way can we deal with it properly and understandingly. But even if we recognize its inspiration as the true secret of its great power over the minds and hearts of men, we have still to consider the purely literary qualities which never cease to delight.

As the King James Version is only a translation, it of necessity owes many literary characteristics to the original. But as Amyot by his translation of Plutarch's *Lives* is said to have made Plutarch a Frenchman, so these translators have succeeded in a very remarkable way in transferring Hebrew and Hellenic thought in English idioms.

One of the striking things about the Bible as a single piece of literature is the variety of its literary forms, sufficient, indeed, to appeal to the most widely different tastes. There are excellent examples of the short-story all through the historical books, such as the absorbingly interesting account of Joseph sold into slavery and afterwards elevated to a position next to Pharaoh himself; and the intensely realistic story of Paul's shipwreck which, were it not too well written, might be an extract from some book of adventure. The books of which many of these short stories form a part constitute a body of most intimate and fascinating tribal and national history. Wedged in between two of the historical books, we find the story of Ruth, a "prose idyll," as delightful as any of which profane literature can boast. The Book of Esther, though not in form a drama, has a plot of dramatic power, in which Haman, who is raised to triumphant satisfaction at the thought of hanging Mordecai upon the gallows, becomes himself the victim of his own vengeance. The Psalms, though not translated into

verse, have all the poetic imagery and imaginative conceptions of the Sweet Singer of Israel. Terse and graphic is the philosophy of the writer of Proverbs who has accumulated here the wisdom of the Jews. Nowhere are there to be found such searching and truthful biographies as the gospels which reveal the life of Christ on earth. The letters, too, of the New Testament are more intimately personal, or logically argumentative, or sweetly hortatory than we can expect to find anywhere. At the end stands that wonderful Apocalypse, which is at once an inspiration and a mystery, full of beauty and rich cadences. Interspersed among all the narratives are delightfully suggestive descriptions, sometimes presenting to us the simple life of the shepherd, again the luxurious surroundings of Ahasuerus's court. It is not strange, therefore, that the Bible makes a strong intellectual appeal to lovers of literature and to men of untrained tastes.

The style of the King James Version owes also much, undoubtedly, to the original. Its clarity is due in large measure, I think, to the wonderful concreteness of the ideas. And the translators knew how to render these concrete ideas in very simple language. As an instance of this may be noted the effect of Ruth's reply to Naomi:—

Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

The first Psalm vividly expresses in concrete terms the happiness of the godly and the unhappiness of the ungodly:—

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

A noticeable feature of this psalm from the standpoint of composition is the absence of descriptive adjectives and the use of verbs that suggest motion.

The figures in the Bible are especially illustrative of its two-sided nature. Taken from the common experience of man, they include the humble as well as the exalted. The keen, homely perception of the philosopher in Proverbs has furnished us some of the best examples of the humble metaphor:—

As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.

Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.

Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood: so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife.

Racy, indeed, are the comparisons in II Kings 21: 12, 13, where the Lord says:—

I am bringing such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah that whosoever heareth of it, both his ears shall tingle: and I will stretch over Jerusalem the line of Samaria, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.

Side by side with this homeliness of figure exists a loftiness of imagery, which, for all its imaginativeness, never transcends the understanding of ordinary men. This poetic quality shows itself particularly in the writings of David and Isaiah. In the Psalms we find such conceptions as,—

The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.

Isaiah uses a similar figure expressive of joy:—

For we shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace: and the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Other portions of the Bible, however, are not without their poetic figures. In Deuteronomy we find,—

As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him and there was no strange god with him.

One of the most fitting ways of expressing the frailty of human life is given in Job:—

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

For vividness of style hardly anything is more effective than balance and antithesis. The Bible is full of this parallelism, which may be illustrated by the following from Revelation:—

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

The Psalms and Proverbs especially have an abundance of antithesis.

Though the features of style which have been mentioned belong to the original, the King James Version has a flavor all its own. A reader accustomed to it feels that something is lacking in the late translations. It abounds in rhythm and musical flow of language. This feature is something that we feel and appreciate without being able always to say definitely here it is, for it is so intimately bound up with the thought that the two are hard to separate. To appreciate the rhythmical element fully, a long passage read aloud is necessary, such as the first three chapters of Revelation, the account of "what the spirit saith unto the churches." A few verses may illustrate my meaning:—

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace: and his voice as the sound of many waters.

Even the long, loose sentences of the Bible, differing from our rather short periodic ones, lend a flavor that is attractive. English style which had at first after the Renaissance been rather awkward, had shown gradual development from Elyot on through Ascham, and Foxe with his *Book of Martyrs*, and North with his translation of Plutarch. All these men had added something to the enrichment of English style. Tyndale's translation of the Bible with its sonorousness caught from the Vulgate had much influence upon the translators. In fact, our English Bible seems to have been translated into the language of the generations preceding rather than into the vernacular of its own day.

Many of the homely idioms first introduced into literature through the writers of these developers of English prose style have been preserved for succeeding generations in the Bible. In 1611 the language was pliable and the idioms were flexible. Many metaphorical phrases had not yet lost their figurative significance. English was not then what Emerson calls language, "fossil poetry." In Leviticus 13:51, in "a fretting leprosy," the translators used *fret* in its literal meaning of "eating away." In Psalms 37:1, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers," *fret* is used in its figurative sense which had now supplanted the original meaning, and perhaps even then the figure had begun to wear away. Poets to-day are forced to search for these phrases of rich suggestiveness which to our translators lay ready at hand. The word *sweat*, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," illustrates interestingly the position of biblical language, for it is poetic and vulgar at the same time. Polite society above the vulgar and below the poetic uses *perspiration*. Many colloquial idioms of to-day have come to us from the Bible. Vain efforts have been made to schoolmaster out of our speech such a phrase as "widow-woman" (I Kings 17:9), but like "maiden lady," it persists in spite of logic and grammar. "Gad about," "winked at,"

"weak as water," "apple of his eye," are the familiar language for us all; so, too, are "to eat the fat of the land," and "a land flowing with milk and honey." The common use colloquially of a dative of the personal pronoun, as in "I bought me a coat" is illustrated in the Bible, "And they set them up images," etc. The characteristic freedom of the translators to put the Hebrew idea into idiomatic English is shown by their rendering of the Hebrew, "Let the King live," by the loyal old phrase, "God save the King." "You all," that phrase still preserved in the language of Southerners, and so often misunderstood by others, has its place in the Bible in Job 17: 10: "But as for you all, do ye return, and come now: for I cannot find one wise man among you." It is used here just as Southerners use it to-day, to include all the persons who constitute the gathering. It is never used in the South to express a single person. When one man meets another and asks "How are you all to-day?" he includes the person interrogated and all his family. So this much derided provincialism proves to be, after all, logically sound and historically excellent English.¹ "Ye all," in the same sense, occurs in Acts 22: 3, and in other places. One interesting fact connected with this discussion of biblical language is that, at least so far as my knowledge goes, no instance of the double negative occurs. This is the more remarkable when we consider that historically the double negative belonged to the language, and that it is of such frequent occurrence in the other literary productions of the period.

Better, perhaps, than by examples of the vast number of living idioms, the vitality of the language of the King James Bible can be illustrated by showing the very small proportion of its words that have become obsolete. To determine with accuracy the proportion of obsolete words, I have taken the Pentateuch as a fair example of the whole Bible and have endeavored to take into account all the obsolete forms which it contains. For convenience and clearness I shall group these obsolete forms according to their grammatical relationship, as nouns, verbs, pronouns, etc. We may reasonably expect to find

¹ See *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, July, 1907, "'You all,' as used in the South," by C. Alphonso Smith.

that the changes which make for obsolescence have not been so marked in the noun as in the verb. This is due largely to the nature of these parts of speech. As nouns are the names of things, qualities, or actions, and as in the three hundred years that have elapsed since our Bible was translated, no very striking changes have taken place in human nature, in its desires, aspirations, hopes, or fears, we do not expect to find many changes in our nouns. We have, of course, in the progress of our race increased largely our stock of ideas, and, as a consequence, we have added to our vocabulary the names for these ideas. But the nouns, with the exception of such additions, remain very much the same. In the case of the verb, on the other hand, which asserts something about these things or qualities, there has been considerable change with each generation. The history of the verb shows, as all students of the language are aware, a more chaotic condition of affairs than that of any other part of speech. In a survey of the changes, therefore, that have taken place from 1611 to 1911, we may expect to find that the greatest number are in the verb.

Under nouns I shall include not only obsolete words, but also obsolete forms of words, as *cherubims*. This form is really a double plural, for *cherubim* is the Hebrew plural. Addison in the eighteenth century used it in the same way. And I dare say that, though *cherubs* or *cherubim* is now standard usage, few people feel the archaism of *cherubims*. To this class belong two other double plurals *brethren* and *kine*.

An interesting use in the Bible is that of the possessive case of nouns where now we employ the genitive. Though the rule in modern English is to limit the possessive case to persons or things capable of possession, as "the man's coat," and to use the genitive case in other relations, as "the location of the house," in the Bible the tendency was to use the possessive for all relations; as "And a great stone was upon the well's mouth." "Sack's mouth" and "bed's head" also occur. This idiom still persists in the language in "the law's delay," "for conscience' sake," etc. Thackeray has in *Vanity Fair* the "bed's foot," and in a current magazine lately occurred the cacophonous phrase, "on the desk's top."

Firstling is a word that has now disappeared from our language, but the diminutive suffix *ling* is still familiar in, *darling*, *yearling*, etc.

The appearance in the Bible of the phrase *God-speed* in the form *good speed* (Gen. 24:12) furnishes interesting evidence upon an uncertain point. The explanation usually given of *God-speed* is that it is compounded of *God* and *speed*; so the expression, "I wish you God-speed," is taken as an ellipsis for "I wish that God may speed you on your journey." But it is sometimes also derived from *gōd* meaning "good," and *sped*, "success." This requires only the shortening of the long vowel in *gōd*, for which there are numerous parallel instances in English; as, *sheep* in the compound *shepherd*; *wise* in *wisdom*. So *good speed* becomes *God-speed*. The context shows that the phrase in Genesis can only mean "good success." Abraham's servant had gone to select a wife for Isaac. He had arrived at Nahor in Mesopotamia and had stopped at the well outside the town. After making his camels kneel, he prayed and said:—

"O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and shew kindness unto my master Abraham."

His journey was already taken, and he prayed for success in his commission. This seems to indicate that the phrase *God-speed* was originally *good speed*, as does also the proper name Goodspeed. Chaucer's use, however, of "God spede yow" points to the other explanation. The probability is that the word is a mixture of *God speed* and *good speed*.

Another unfamiliar word is *tale*, meaning "number." Though 'tale' in this sense is now largely archaic, we still sometimes hear the "tale is complete," and our modern word "teller" in a bank is a fossil form of the verb.

A few other nouns which possibly might appear archaic to the general reader have a professional meaning; that is, they belong to some calling or trade at the time of the translation and they still belong to those trades. *Tenons* belongs to carpentry; *ouches* of gold belongs to the jeweller's trade; *in ward* belongs to legal phraseology; *tithes* belongs to ecclesiastical language.

Polls, which in the Bible is a general word for "heads," has now come to have a professional meaning in political science. "In the stead of" shows the original meaning of *stead*, "place." A few nouns of the Pentateuch are really obsolete. These are: *knop*, Ex. 25: 33-34, meaning a "knob," "bunch" or "protuberance"; *taches*, Ex. 26: 6, a "hook" or "clasp"; *hin*, Ex. 29: 40, a Hebrew word of measure; *chapters*, Ex. 38: 17, the head of a column in architecture; *wise*, Levit. 15: 29, meaning "manner," used as a noun, as "in no wise"; *turtle*, Levit. 15: 29, for "turtle-dove"; *meteyard*, Levit. 19: 35, a "yardstick," literally a "measuring stick." Of the whole number of nouns, then, in the Pentateuch, these seven alone are fully obsolete.

The verbs of the Bible retain, in many of their forms, Anglo-Saxon characteristics which make them appeal to the modern reader as archaic. The "inverted order," that is, putting the verb before the subject when some adverbial modifier begins the clause, gives an archaic flavor to the language of the Bible. A few instances will suffice for this point: as, "And out of the ground *made the Lord God* to grow"; "then *began men* to call upon the name of the Lord"; "In the likeness of God *made he* him." The form in *eth* of the verb, as *moveth*, is used without exception in the Bible for the third person singular. Another form in *s* for the third person singular, however, came into the language from another dialect and the two forms existed side by side for a long time. Though the form in *s* was beginning to supplant that in *eth*, and in Shakespeare the usage is about equally divided between the two, the conservative translators held to *eth*, the more historically logical form. Very common is the use of the verb *to be* as the auxiliary with verbs of motion or change of condition, instead of *to have*, as in modern English; as, *is become*; *was gone*; *were departed*. But even this use of *to be* is not uncommon in colloquial language to-day. We say with perfect freedom, "He is gone" and "He is come." The use of the singular verb in the sentence, "*There is* bdellium and onyx stone," where modern grammar demands a plural, is only an old idiom asserting itself. The most familiar example of this idiom is in the Lord's Prayer, "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." The sacrifice of idiomatic

freedom to grammatical precision is well illustrated by this sentence taken from a current magazine, "There *were* friendship and companionship between them."

The subjunctive mood, carefully distinguished by the translators, as, "If mischief *be*fall him by the way," has been so nearly discarded in the English of to-day that it may be regarded as archaic. So lately, however, has the subjunctive existed in our speech, that this point may be disputed. We need to note that all the *be*'s in the Bible are subjunctives, for *be* is often used as the equivalent of *are*. *Be* is certainly an indicative in "We *be* twelve brethren," Gen. 42: 32; and also in "Many there *be* which go in thereat." But we have the subjunctive in "Ye shall not see my face except your youngest brother *be* with you."

The translation of the Bible records for us many *forms* of the ever-changing verb. From earliest times to the present the verb has suffered modification, some strong verbs, those which originally formed their past by a change of vowel, as *give*, *gave*, going over to the weak class, which forms the past by adding *ed* as *love*, *loved*, and a very few of this latter class changing to the former. Among the verbs that have changed from one conjugation to the other since the translation, may be cited *clave*, now become *cleaved*; *chode* now *chid* or *chided*; and *sod*, in the phrase, "Jacob *sod* pottage," where it is the past tense of *seethe*, "to boil." We still preserve the strong form in *sodden*. The weak past, *digged*, is used in the Bible, but in modern usage the past has become *dug*. *Lien*, Gen. 26: 10, occurs this once in the Pentateuch as the past participle of *lie*, instead of our *lain*. Even among the strong verbs many changes have taken place, especially a change of the vowel in the past tense. This change is illustrated by the use in the Bible of *gat*, *sware*, *spake*, etc.

A homely idiom, which was formerly in excellent usage and which has now become obsolete except in vulgar language, is *for to* with the infinitive. This expression is common in all parts of the Bible, as *for to show*; *for to buy*, etc. One of the most familiar examples is "What went ye out *for to* see?" (Mat. 11: 9). Another interesting vulgar idiom occurs in "And when King Arad the Canaanite, which dwelt in the south,

heard tell," etc., and again in *heard say*, in Deut. 9:2. A few miscellaneous examples of the verb must be mentioned for the sake of completeness. The verb *to wit*, meaning "to know," with its inflections *wot* and *wist* occurring often in the Bible, is now preserved to us only in the phrase, *to wit*, meaning, "namely," and in the negative adverb, *unwittingly*. *Gotten*, so common in the West and South, though regarded as a barbarism by rhetoricians, is often found in the Bible; but *had got* also appears in Gen. 36:6. *Stricken*, in the phrase, "well *stricken* in age," is an interesting fossil, since it here preserves its original meaning of *advanced*. An idiom in process of development is seen in the phrase, *in departing*, Gen. 35:18. This *in*, which is the original of our preposition *a* in such a phrase as "a-fishing," was reduced to *a* by mere slovenliness of pronunciation. In I Peter 3:20, the *a* occurs, "while the ark was *a preparing*." A few verbs have become obsolete. These are: *to ear*, meaning "to plow"; *tell the stars*, meaning "to count"; *let*, meaning "hinder", still preserved, however, in "without let or hindrance", and in the game of tennis; *minish* for "diminish"; *entreat* for "treat"; *hasted* for "hastened"; *advertise* for "advise." The obsolescence, then, of the verbs in the Pentateuch consists rather in change of form of expression than in the loss to the language of the verbs themselves.

The pronouns, those "aristocrats of the language," as Professor Lounsbury calls them, have remained largely intact in form and in meaning from 1611 until the present. One branch of the royal line, *thou* and *thee*, has been superseded, except in ecclesiastical and reverential language, by *ye* and *you*, and even *ye* has, in its turn, yielded to the aggressive *you*. As *ye* was originally the nominative case and *you* was the objective, the translators faithfully observed the distinction between them, as, "I in *you* and *ye* in me." In time, however, this distinction was gradually broken down, and *you* came to be used for both cases. Even a morganatic marriage is not known among these "aristocrats of language." The possessive form *its*, a word which is indispensable to us, was so lacking in ancestral lineage, that it was for a long time looked upon with scorn and contempt. The only occurrence of *its* in the King James Bible

is in Levit. 25:5, though in the original edition of 1611, even this was *it own*, one of the many attempts to avoid *its*. The spelling of *their's*, *your's* and *her's*, with an apostrophe, in the Bible shows the older forms of these possessive pronouns. They were at first *theires*, *youres*, *heres*, and the apostrophe was doubtless used to indicate the ellipsis of the *e*. Possibly, too, the influence of the sign of the possessive case of nouns is felt here. It is not uncommon to notice this tendency to use the apostrophe with possessive pronouns among uneducated people to-day. The relatives, *who*, *which*, and *that*, are all used in the Bible. The only difference from our present-day usage is that of *which* referring to persons; as, "Lot also which went"; "with Isaac which Sarah shall bear"; and "Our Father *which* art in Heaven." A slightly different idiom from ours is *the which*, an inheritance, it may be, from Anglo-Saxon, as, "I will not overthrow the city for *the which* thou hast spoken." The use of a plural pronoun referring to a preceding indefinite is also to be found in the Bible, as, "Whosoever hath any gold, let *them* break it off." That the reflexive pronoun was not always limited as now to the emphatic or to the reflexive sense is shown by the use of it in "himself lodged that night." This recalls the Irish usage, "Himself is not at home." The demonstrative shows an interesting fossil in "*this* twenty years." Here *this* is sometimes explained by grammarians as singular, because *years* is used in a collective sense; but as a matter of fact *this* itself is an old plural occurring in Chaucer in the form *thise*.

The adjective, which had lost, even by Chaucer's time, almost all its extensive inflections, has suffered practically no change. The adjective in *en* was, however, more common in 1611 than now, as *wreathen work*, *wheaten flour*, *baken pieces*. Adverbs, likewise, have undergone few changes. *Sore*, meaning "very much," as *sore afraid*, has now become obsolete. Such adverbs as *needs* in *must needs be*, *yesternight*, *betimes*, *hindermost*, tend to give an archaic flavor to any piece of writing, yet they are still used in a dignified style. There remain only a few miscellaneous examples, chiefly prepositions. The use of prepositions in any language is highly idiomatic; and, as English lost more and more its Teutonic structure and became a composite

tongue, it gave up many of the prepositional phrases which it had inherited from the Anglo-Saxon. "It grieved him *at* his heart"; "and *of* them was the whole earth overspread"; "enquire *at* her mouth"; and "asked him *of* his wife"—are all idioms that have been lost. *Against* in "Against Joseph came at noon," which is an ellipsis for "Against the time that," is still vulgarly used. *Betwixt* and *amongst* are now very generally discarded. *Except*, as in "Except your youngest brother be with you," is rarely used now as a conjunction, except it be in conscious imitation of the biblical style. In the phrase, "And they went in *two and two* unto Noah into the ark," our idiom would probably prefer *two by two*. "I am at the point to die" is hardly in common use. *Five and thirty* and *fourscore and six* are Teutonic idioms of enumeration, now obsolete.

Here, then, we have most of the words and idioms of the Pentateuch that tend to make obsolete that portion, at least, of the King James Bible. We say that our King James Bible is "a well of English undefiled," and so it seems to be, for most of its words, as we have found, are alive to-day, and our collection of data only goes to show that the chief points of variance between the biblical language and our modern English are those of arrangement and order rather than a difference in vocabulary. And besides, the language of poetry, the highest form of literature, and the language of low life still have much in common with that of the Bible, even where it appears archaic. No doubt the continued reading and study of this greatest of English classics by all classes has kept our language much nearer to Elizabethan English than would otherwise have been the case. The development of our language seems to have taken place in cycles of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred years. The richest period of Anglo-Saxon undoubtedly was from some years previous to King Alfred until the Norman Conquest,—that is, from 800 to 1066. It took about another two hundred and fifty years for the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman French introduced by the Conquest to amalgamate and become the instrument suited to the hand of the consummate master of Middle English, Geoffrey Chaucer. From Chaucer (1340-1400) to the King James Bible in 1611 intervenes another cycle of prog-

ress, during which the language developed its fitness to express the ideas of the great Elizabethans. At the end of the present cycle, 1611-1911, do we find, as before, a new language, such as Chaucer's melodious verse would have appeared to King Alfred, as strange as the translation of the King James Bible would have been to Chaucer? By no means, for no great political or civil upheavals have come upon English-speaking peoples in the last three hundred years similar to those of the past. And even if the next generation does not betake itself to the serious study of the Bible, so impregnated is our literature and colloquial language with it that it will take three times three hundred years for our English Bible to become in literature simply a monument of the past.

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THE UNION LEAGUE IN NORTH CAROLINA

The Union League was instituted in the North in 1862, when the cause of the Union was at its lowest ebb, with a view to organizing and strengthening loyal sentiment. The idea was popular and the society spread rapidly over the North, the local organization being connected by a loose federation. Much credit is given the organization for political effect when it was most needed. When the need disappeared, most of the various branches disbanded or tended to become social clubs composed of members of the same political affiliations.

The society came to North Carolina with the Union armies, and from time to time new members were admitted from the Union men in the State. A few negroes were also initiated. But no systematic attempt was made to extend it widely until 1866, when it became evident that Congress would control Reconstruction in the interest of the Republican party, and that negro suffrage was inevitable. The agents of the Freedmen's Bureau had been actively at work among the negroes with a view to using them politically if the opportunity should present itself, and had extended their influence very widely among the newly emancipated. They had at the same time done all in their power to alienate them from the native white population. In the process they had learned much of the characteristics of the negroes and had become aware of their general instability. It was therefore clearly apparent that there was a necessity of taking further steps to control them; to bind them to the interest of the ambitious Northern politicians by something which would appeal to their pride and their emotions and would at the same time organize them. The Union League furnished an ideal instrument through the effect of its ritual upon the ignorant and emotional negro and through the discipline of its organization. It was for this reason the chosen instrument of the carpet-baggers to carry on the work so well begun by the Freedmen's Bureau, and it thus became the second handmaid of Radicalism in the reconstruction of the State. Introduced by carpet-baggers, it was, for the entire period of its existence

in North Carolina, controlled by them, chiefly for their own aggrandizement, and for that reason alone would have won the undying hatred of the native white population. In its development, however, it gave additional and abundant evidence of its entire unworthiness, and its very name has remained a symbol of all that was evil in Reconstruction.

During the latter part of 1866 and the early months of 1867, a campaign of extension was entered upon. This was entirely in the hands of the aliens, for while nearly every native white Republican joined to prove his 'loyalty' and new-found devotion to the Union, the more respectable element soon became disgusted, and those who had joined from selfish motives soon found that whatever hopes they might have cherished of gaining advancement through the power of the organization were limited by the wishes and aspirations of the carpet-baggers, who regarded the organization as a personal asset and employed it accordingly. It often suited them to allow the election of natives to important positions, but frequently the natives got only what was left. Even when the position was thus secured, more frequently than not there was recognition of the fact that it was due to the grace of the aliens, and, in consequence, their influence was preponderant in the conduct of the office. In the western part of the State, because of the small negro population and the large number of native white Republicans, and also because here were to be found few of the carpet-baggers, the League never became so important a factor. Western Republicans joined the League, but it was never popular and the part of its history that is of importance is confined chiefly to the central and eastern sections of the State.

The work of extension proceeded rapidly. By April, 1867, the State was well organized,¹ and by August of the same year practically every negro who would vote at the approaching election was an enthusiastic member of the League. Some few declined to join, preferring to be guided by their former owners in their entrance to political life. This species of ingratitude, not to say treason, for so it was regarded by the carpet-baggers,

¹ Conway Report.

was seen to be a very dangerous menace to the political solidarity of the race, and the colored members of the League were not only encouraged but ordered to deal with such unruly members of the race in a way that would convince them of the wisdom of yielding to Northern guidance and of acceptance of the planned hostility to the whites. The treatment accorded the dissenters was usually effective, and a very small proportion of the negroes dared remain out of accord with the majority of their color. Those who did were subjected to every type of violence and intimidation. In Wilmington a negro was severely whipped by order of the League.³ In Edgecombe there was a similar case. In Franklin County, in 1868, the League sent a deputation to attack a reputable white farmer who had advised a servant who had come to him for advice not to join.⁴ Instances of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely, for they occurred all over the State. Notices containing threats were posted⁵ and political addresses abounded in suggestions of violence.⁶ Strict orders were given members by their leaders not

³ *Sentinel*, July 20, 1868.

⁵ *Sentinel*, August 21, 1868.

⁴ An example of this is seen in the following notice which was posted on the door of a Conservative negro in Hillsboro:—

"NOTICE FOR THOMAS GREEN.

"A d-n Concurvitive . . . , we understand you were out with Concurvitive lys, but d-n your time if you don't look out you will catch h-l shure. We herd you come very near catching it in Sharlot and if you don't mind you will catch it in Hills Boro shure enough and that Right. If your d-n Concurvitive friends can protect you, you had better stick near to them in that hour for great will be your Desterny. This is the least of Our example. The next time will tell you your will on good behavior.

"Postscript. You mind me of the sun of Esaw and who sold his birth Right for one mossel of meat and so now you have sold your wife and children and yourself for a drink of Liquers and have come to be a Concurvitive boot licker.

"Thom, I would not give a d-n for your back in a few days; you Conservitive"—*Sentinel*, April 10, 1868.

⁵ The following is a characteristic example:—

"Nov. 4, 1867.

"Genlman of Cole Rain,
Bertie County.

"Voters of Weston Districts will Bare in mind that the (2) Delegats now is Orthorised for the frend of all collars, and that contains Black and White Genlman. Want you all To Du the Best for them that you can for this Country is in such mens hands like them and I know that you all Have sum understanding as Well as me. And if you have not for Gods Sacke go to sum Person that you know will Correct you. if you Du not we are Hunted fer Ever. But you all know That your self and farther were genlman—

to attend Conservative meetings.* To assist in controlling the men, a League was established for negro women who bound themselves not to marry or otherwise associate with men who were not members of the League.[†] Thus, though boasting of the liberality of their ideas and condemning the tendency of the South to resent differences of opinion in matters political, the carpet-baggers, from the beginning, not only discouraged but prevented any possibility of the negroes exercising any independence in the enjoyment of the franchise. That of course was not the purpose of Reconstruction and they cannot be very severely condemned, when their character is remembered, for refraining at the beginning from overturning a policy intended mainly to secure party supremacy. Such a thing was scarcely to be expected from their kind, and therefore the chief condemnation must be directed against the policy itself and against the bare-faced hypocrisy which accompanied its execution. The plan looked simply to a complete and unyielding organization which should force the negroes to register; arouse them to a high pitch of enthusiasm for the Republican party and a corresponding degree of hostility against the Conservatives, and, for that matter, in many cases against all the white natives; lead them to the polls in an unbroken phalanx which should secure Republican supremacy in the State and assist in preserving it in the nation, and in the process, put into positions of trust, honor, and profit (with due emphasis upon the latter) the patriotic would-be statesmen who had dominated the organization from the beginning. Never was a political plan carried out with greater temporary success, for never were the members of a political organization so unfitted through ignorance for the

how can you vote for a man whar hav had your labor all your Days and thar ar not meny That will give you and mee justice. how can a collard man vote any other way only fur a cullard man at this time. and after the Constitution than we Will send any Person that we Please White or cullard. But for this time try and make the Best step that you can. if thar should Bee any cullard Person that wants to vote A Democratic vote, frail him untill he Knows Northing. if you Du that will Bee just like they served them in Veriginia & if thar shud Bee a man of such a Carrecter make him shure fur a while.

Thes are able Dellagats

Mr. Parker D. Robbins.
Briant Gee."

* *Sentinel*, April 17, 1886.

[†] *Sentinel*, April 25, 1868.

privilege of suffrage, and therefore unmoved by argument, they were as easily handled as so many sheep. It is no exaggeration to say that out of the Union League to a great extent grew the Solid South. The native white people from it conceived a dread of Republican supremacy which became inseparably connected in their minds with negro domination and learned from it a lesson in political organization which has not yet been forgotten.

The results of the League organization are thus seen somewhat clearly, as well as the purposes of those conducting it. But it is very evident from a study of its constitution and ritual that its career in the South was a perversion of the intent of its founders, and that nothing was further from their minds than the violence and crime with which its name is inseparably connected. It is, therefore, very difficult for one who knows the organization only through these documents, to understand the positive detestation in which its memory is held. That is the result of its later development, due in large part to the bad character of the white leaders and the license into which liberty soon developed with the negroes. It is true that only in scattered cases is there proof that the League in council resolved upon the commission of crimes, though there are more instances of this kind than are usually known. But it is a fact established beyond question that the members of the organization very frequently acted together in crime and that the meetings were the occasion for violent and incendiary speeches, intended and calculated to arouse the negroes against the whites at whatever cost, and that in them all sorts of rash and extreme statements and violent threats were made.* It is not wonderful, then, that the ignorant and emotional negroes should come away with the firm belief that the gospel of "kill and burn" which was so constantly preached by their leaders was indeed a command with final

*A young man in Raleigh who was noted for his power of mimicry went disguised night after night to the League meetings. His testimony was conclusive as to the character of those he visited. Information constantly leaked out in other ways as well. But the writer of this article has been unable to persuade any member of the League to say anything good or bad about the organization.

authority behind it. This was emphasized by the character of the literature sent out by the national organization. Much of this was incendiary; all of it was intended to arouse hostility against political opponents.⁹

The element of secrecy in the League was a powerful factor in making it irresistibly attractive to the negro. The ceremony of initiation was skillfully devised to heighten this feeling. Professor Fleming aptly expresses it in saying, "It made him feel fearfully good from his head to his heels."¹⁰ The meetings were always held at night, not only to secure full attendance, but because their effect was thereby greatly increased. The night, too, was the time that the negroes regarded as particularly their own. The chief delight of the freedmen was to be found in the initiations. In outline they were as follows: The council assembled in the hall, usually a school house or church,¹¹ and the assistant vice-president went to an ante-room where he addressed the candidates, describing the purpose of the order as the preservation of liberty, the perpetuation of the Union, the maintenance of the supremacy of the laws and the Constitution, the securing of ascendancy of American institutions, the protection of loyal men, particularly of members of the League, the elevation and education of labor and laboring men, and the giving of instruction in citizenship. The candidates then declared their attachment to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and their allegiance to the United States, pledging themselves to resist all attempts to overthrow it, to obey all rules and orders of the League, and to keep inviolate all its secrets. The neophytes were then led into the council room where there was an altar draped with the United States flag, with the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution resting upon it. Other emblems placed in prominent positions were a censer of incense, sword, gavel, ballot-box,

⁹The most widely distributed of these documents was a loyal catechism prepared for the use of the negroes.

¹⁰Fleming: *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, p. 559.

¹¹This explains the burning of so many schools and churches by the white people. The number, however, for North Carolina was vastly exaggerated.

sickle, shuttle, anvil, and other articles, symbolic of industry. "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" were then sung, and the president made a prescribed address which was entirely beyond the comprehension of the freedmen. A prayer for the loyal people of the United States¹³ and for the members of the League followed, after which "the fire of liberty" was lighted on the altar and the neophytes placed their hands upon the flag and took the oath of allegiance to the United States, an oath to support only "reliable Union men and supporters of the government" for any office, and furthermore pledged themselves if elected to any office to carry out the objects and principles of the League. Secrecy and protection to brother leaguers was also sworn. The entire series of oaths having been reaffirmed, they were then given the "Freedmen's Pledge," to defend and perpetuate freedom, and then with all, including the members of the council, grouped about the altar, the president made a charge containing the explanation of the more important symbols. The signs¹⁴ having been given, the initiation was complete.

The organization in the South was very complete and consisted of a national council¹⁴ and one council for each State and territory with subordinate councils in each. The constitution of the national council was very elaborate but was never of any great importance, as the work of the League was distinctly of a local nature. The State council was composed of representatives from the subordinate councils and had general supervision and direction of the League within the State. The

¹³This was based upon the prayer for Congress in the Book of Common Prayer.

¹⁴To pass as a member when questioned, give "Four L's" as follows: Right hand raised to Heaven, thumb and third finger touching their ends over the palm, pronounce "Liberty." Bringing the hand down over the shoulder, pronounce "Lincoln." Dropping the hand open at side, pronounce "Loyal." With hand and fingers downward in the chest, the thumb thrust into the vest or waistband across the body, pronounce "League."

¹⁴North Carolina regularly sent representatives to the national council. In 1867, James H. Harris was Grand Marshal and John L. Hays and David Heaton were members of the executive committee. In 1870, General M. S. Littlefield presided over the meeting which was held at Long Branch.

officers were president, vice-president, recording and corresponding secretaries, and treasurer, with an executive committee composed of members from each judicial district. Meetings were held annually unless called more frequently. Subordinate councils were established by the president through a deputy for each county and certain deputies for the State at large. All 'loyal' citizens of eighteen years of age or over were eligible. New members were elected by a three-fourths vote of those present. The officers of a local council were president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, marshal, herald, sentinel, and chaplain.

So far as can be discovered, Albion W. Tourgee, who in 1866 organized the League in Guilford, Alamance, and the adjoining counties, was the first president of the State council.¹⁵ He was succeeded by William W. Holden who held the office until he became governor. Upon his resignation, General M. S. Littlefield became president, but the negroes, generally, were never told of the change and continued to regard Governor Holden as their head as long as the League lasted. In the same way they regarded the *Standard* as the governor's mouthpiece and so the organ of the League. Consequently, all the violent demands and threats of that paper were regarded as authoritative utterances by such of the negro members as it reached. All this was no doubt the intention of the leaders who knew that the governor's name and official position would lend importance to the League and hence to themselves. His constant pardoning of members of the order, guilty and convicted of crime, strengthened this belief which was not entirely confined to negroes, for white men applied to him for charters as late as May, 1869,¹⁶ and Jordan Potter of Granville, who succeeded James H. Harris as vice-president of the State council, said publicly and constantly that Governor Holden was still president in 1870.¹⁷ Governor Holden authorized the *Standard* to state that he had resigned, and this was probably the truth, but he constantly alluded to the

¹⁵ Senate Report No. 1, pp. 147, 269, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

¹⁶ Whittemore to Holden, Executive Correspondence.

¹⁷ *Sentinel*, Feb. 18, 1870.

fact that he had at his call and absolute disposal 80,000 men,¹⁸ and there is no doubt that his power over the League remained as strong as though he were its head. Therefore, he was in a great measure held responsible for its acts, and inasmuch as he could control its activities, justly so. Even many of the Republicans believed that he had influenced the League to nominate persons for office whom he could control for unworthy purposes.¹⁹ This was, however, scarcely just.

There are no accurate sources of information as to the membership of the League in North Carolina. It is safe to say that it had over ninety per cent of the negro voters and some who were younger. In the west it had at first a large white membership. On August 1, 1867, Buncombe county had nineteen councils and 1,800 members.²⁰ Rutherford had 1,200 members;²¹ Burke, Lincoln, and Cleveland were all well organized, and for a time, the League was strong in a number of other western counties. Governor Holden's estimate of 80,000 for the whole State has been mentioned. In 1869, the *Standard* placed the total membership at 70,000,²² and this was no overestimate, though it must be remembered that by now most of the white members had withdrawn and the League was practically dead in the west.

Soon after the organization of the League, a step was taken which was calculated to arouse the sharpest hostility among the white natives. In 1867, arms were procured and many local councils were converted into military companies which were drilled constantly. They speedily became a menace to the peace and good order of their respective communities. Often these drills took place on the public roads, and at such times armed sentinels were posted on both sides to turn back anyone who might come up.²³ Lawlessness of this sort, which was entirely without

¹⁸ Senate Report No 1, p. 22, 42 Cong., 2 Sess.

¹⁹ An example of this feeling is to be seen in the testimony of Judge George W. Brooks before the Senate "Outrage" Committee. Senate Report No. 1, p. 282, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

²⁰ *Standard*, Sept. 14, 1867.

²¹ Senate Report No. 1, p. 130, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

²² *Standard*, August 26, 1869.

²³ *Sentinel*, August 19, 1869. This statement has been confirmed to the writer by the testimony of personal witnesses.

remedy by legal means, greatly increased the public hostility already felt. Public parades were early among the activities of the councils and were of great assistance in adding to membership, for never before had the negroes been given the opportunity to take part in demonstrations of the kind and they appealed irresistibly to their nature. The processions in many cases now became military in character and the freedmen were entirely captivated. The effect upon the mass of the white population can readily be conceived. In any event, trouble was to have been expected, and when the fact is added that a procession of armed negroes was always seeking trouble, it is no matter for wonder that they often found it and that mild riots frequently resulted. It speaks well for the self-restraint of the average citizen of the State that nothing worse happened, especially in such cases as when an entire council in Raleigh in 1868 marched under arms to register. Fear of what the future held in store increased and was soon justified, for as the League became conscious of its strength, it began to take matters into its own hands. It became increasingly difficult and dangerous to arrest a member, and, once arrested, more difficult to hold him. In Chatham county on two different occasions, the League opened the jail and released its members who were imprisoned, and in many places prisoners were taken from the arresting officer. When, in spite of the activity in their behalf, which was said to be rather usual on the part of the judges,²⁴ conviction was secured, there was almost the certainty of a pardon from Governor Holden. In December, 1869, at Wilson court, in the case of two members of the League who were indicted for whipping a negro for voting the Conservative ticket, Judge Thomas refused to admit any evidence to show that the League had ordered the whipping, and sentenced them when convicted to thirty and sixty days' imprisonment respectively. They were immediately pardoned by the governor. In one western case, the convicts were pardoned before they reached Raleigh.²⁵ The Leaguers

²⁴Judge Tourgee, Judge Thomas, and Judge Watts were all accused of this tendency.

²⁵Senate Report No. 1, p. 316, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

as well as the Conservatives soon came to believe that the governor had promised immunity from punishment.

The most common of the graver outrages committed by the negroes was barn burning. The full seriousness of this offence can be justly estimated only when the economic condition of the people is realized. The loss of a barn more frequently than not meant complete ruin and was often accompanied by the menace of absolute want of food. In almost every county in the State there were cases of the sort, and there is a mass of evidence which proves conclusively that in many instances it had been decided upon in a meeting of the League, and in many more, that it had been done by the members under the influence of the teachings they received in the councils. Often, naturally, it was the result of some private grudge. The counties that suffered most were Orange, Chatham, Edgecombe, Wake, Jones, and Gaston. In the last mentioned county, there were nine cases in one week.²⁶ Edgecombe in two months in 1869 lost two churches, several cotton gins, a cotton factory, and a number of barns and dwellings. Most of these could be traced to negro incendiaries.²⁷ In Orange, there were many scattered cases during 1868 and 1869. In the latter years, three barns were burned at one time in sight of each other.²⁸ The perpetrators, two negroes named Morrow, were hanged by the Ku Klux for this offence, combined with threats they made against women in the community. The Chatham and Wake barn-burners, who were particularly active, said that the burning had been ordered by Governor Holden.²⁹ This was of course not true, but it gives an insight into League methods.

It is not to be supposed that the members of the League confined themselves to politics and the burning of property. More profitable employment was popular. Ever since emancipation, theft by the freedmen had increased, but this was caused only by the nature and needs of the negro. The propensity was now

²⁶ Senate Report No. 1, p. 365, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

²⁷ *Tarboro Southerner*, Nov. 18, 1869.

²⁸ Senate Report No. 1, p. 191, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

²⁹ *Sentinel*, Dec. 23, 1870. Senate Report No. 1, pt. 2, p. 41, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

organized by the League and live stock became increasingly unsafe in the neighborhood of the meeting place of a council, and movable property of all sorts was stolen to such an extent that the burden became almost unendurable. It is not in any degree likely that the League as an organization often voted, counselled, or gave formal approval to such actions. It is certain, however, that its very existence, the character of its leaders, and the sort of emotional stimulation given the negroes at the meetings were responsible for much of the theft as well as for the injury to property which so distinguished the period. And before a great while, the League got the credit for every violation of the law, even though committed by white men who were not members.

Acts of personal violence by members upon white people were by no means unknown, but in general, the organization worked in secret. It seldom gave warnings such as were later employed by the Ku Klux, and rarely intimated the source of any violence committed. Much of its activity was deliberately inspired by its leaders; more, probably, was sheer unprovoked deviltry, the responsibility for which belongs nevertheless to the leaders who had begun the movement. In Anson county, the members of the League entered into an agreement for murder and robbery.³⁰ In Edgecombe, there was a similar agreement.³¹ Murder was committed by armed bands of negroes a number of times, notably that of Colonel John H. Nethercutt and his wife, in Jones in 1867; of the entire Foscue family, in Jones in 1869; of Mr. Green, in Jones in 1869; and of Willis Briley, in Pitt in 1869. These two counties each had many councils of the League which had almost entirely corrupted the negro population. If not directly responsible, their influence undoubtedly brought about the condition of affairs which made such happenings possible. Of protection by the courts there was practically none, even in the rare cases where individuals were detected. At first, some attempt was made by white Conservatives to check the growth and activity of the organization by refusal of employ-

³⁰ Wadesboro *Argus*, June 2, 1868.

³¹ *Sentinel*, May 13, 1867.

ment to all its members. But it soon became evident that this meant refusal to employ colored labor at all, and the time came when the employing class became suppliants, so sharply was the need of laborers felt. Throughout its existence, the League exerted in one way or another an evil influence upon labor,³² and this was not the least important count in the indictment brought against it in the State. Add the alarming fact that life and property almost totally lost security in the larger portion of the State, and wonder ceases that respect for the courts and for the law began to disappear, and that counter-organizations followed, equally beyond the law, but intended to preserve public order. A retaliation so violent, and a retribution so swift came that in a very short time after the appearance of the Ku Klux the activities of the League became beautifully less, and it vanished altogether by the end of 1870.

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³² Senate Report No. 11, p. 207, 42 Cong., 1 Sess.

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE *

That the modern stage is sadly in need of reform only those financially interested in its present condition will deny. As yet no one, however, has been able to propose a remedy which will usher in a theatrical millenium. The New Theatre is no more; the Little Theatre, we might almost say, is yet to be; and the syndicate is as powerful and as wicked as ever. The most encouraging signs of progress in America are in the work of the Drama Players in Chicago and of the Drama League all over the country. The Chicago Players have just ended their season \$70,000 in debt and are criticized rather severely for what they did and did not do, but on the whole their effort is regarded as helping greatly toward the rehabilitation of the stage. The Drama League aims at encouraging good plays and by an ominous silence discouraging bad ones, so that thereby the syndicate may see that virtue is more than its own reward and that it is quite possible to establish a holy alliance between the box office and good drama. The producers of plays are to reform their products that the public already reformed and elevated by the propaganda of the League may patronize their theatres. It does not enter the theatre by the stage door to mend things behind the footlights; that is, it does not attempt to touch directly the plays or the players or even the management; it merely refuses to enter the theatre at all unless the plays presented are worth while. It is therefore quite clear that there is a strong public demand for reform and these efforts are trying to meet it.

Reforms back of the footlights have been tried at various times with varying success. One of the most prominent of the reformers is Edward Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, who has been brought to the attention of the public in several ways and now with a goodly flourish of trumpets by his book *On the Art of the Theatre*. When the advance notices proclaim a book as a work of genius, one is inclined to treat it with the

* *On the Art of the Theatre*, by Edward Gordon Craig. Browne's Bookstore, Chicago. \$2.00.

traditional indifference accorded works of genius. There is, however, much in Mr. Craig's book that will attract attention and, it is to be hoped, lead to practical experiment on the basis of his suggestions.

The first essential in the better theatre, Mr. Craig holds, is a reformed stage-manager or director. This functionary must cease to be the distressed individual whose independence is merely titular and whose responsibilities cover a multitude of duties with which he is all too unfamiliar. He is to be a development from the actor, trained somewhat after the method of the Constan Theatre in the north of Russia. This theatre is not merely a stage for the presentation of plays, but a trained school of actors and managers, the latter being the higher product. It is open day and night almost all the year through, and rehearsals are constantly witnessed by eager students, who are consumed by a passionate love of the theatre. There is a "standing" company of about one hundred, consisting of two directors, about a dozen leading actors and actresses (each better than the greatest actor in Europe), about twenty-four persons for secondary parts, and the young students, men and women from the universities, who have gone through a probationary period of a year or so before they are admitted as regular students. The stage-directors are put through a rigid examination to show their acquaintance with all the departments of the theatre,—acting, costuming, lighting, scene-painting, etc.,—before they are allowed to qualify. The stage-director is, therefore, a man who has worked his way up through all the activities of the theatre and is able to do the work of any individual under him. The same care for ideals as against immediate profits is seen in the fact that this theatre ran for ten years before it was able to declare a dividend and that it had five artists on its board of directors out of the total seven. Such, moreover, was the confidence of the public in its endeavors that not only did the original shareholders who financed the company remain but more were added. The best plays were presented before full houses, but till the utmost was done in every detail of staging, the directors and the shareholders were content to have the expenses exceed the income. To-day the theatre has a reputation which extends over Russia. The

ambition of every Russian actor, moreover, is to secure a place in the company.

Now, it is such a theatre Mr. Craig would establish in England,—a theatre-college for the training of actors and managers. He would have two theatres, one open-air, the other roofed in. All theories would be treated and recorded by phonograph, kinematograph, or gramophone, or by special instruments to be devised for the purpose. The theatre would be fully equipped with a library, a printing-press, tools, and the like. There would be thirty men in this college to study every part of theatrical presentation and constitute a sort of faculty for the training of actors and actresses. The practical results to the state Mr. Craig enumerates as follows:—

“(1) A practical demonstration of the best method to be employed for building and directing a national theatre as an ideal theatre, and in a manner hitherto deemed impossible. (2) The improvement by simplification of many of the mechanical appliances of the modern stage. (3) The training of stage-managers and of the staff employed to shift the scenery. (4) The training of actors to speak and to move—the chief difficulties of the modern actor. (5) The training of a group of original scene-painters, a group of perfectly drilled men to execute any given order regarding the lights on the stage,—for at present, as any visit to a special light rehearsal will show, the lighting staff in a theatre is always at sea.”

This is highly reasonable and devoutly to be wished. And it is interesting to see in the New York press that Mr. Belasco is devising just such a scheme for the reform of the actor's craft by serious study and broad and intelligent education. No one here is perhaps better qualified than Mr. Belasco for managing such a college, and all friends of the theatre must wish him success in his undertaking. Mr. Craig would spend \$5,000 a year; Mr. Belasco expects his college will cost him from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. It is cheap at either price.

When he comes to details, Mr. Craig has interesting theories,—some plausible, others not. Thus he holds that scenery should be symbolic rather than real, that instead of endeavoring, for instance, to reproduce actual scenery in *Macbeth* he would

substitute a high rock with mist enveloping its head, "a place for fierce and warlike men to inhabit, a place for phantoms to rest in." The rock is brown, the mist gray. For the "interiors" walls hewn from the same rock would be used. Thus a sense of unity would be preserved throughout by means of the scenery. "Actuality, accuracy of detail, is useless upon the stage." This is refreshing after the photographic exactness in scenery reproducing the very place in which the play was laid at the very minute when the events presented took place; not to mention the relief from the "sensations" of real water, or a highly realistic snow storm. Mr. Craig prefers suggestion with an eye to the play and the action, no mere actuality of location or time, which to a certain extent obscures the action. He would have the scenery lost in the tone or spirit of the play like the costume of a beautiful woman in the prevailing impression of her loveliness.

Similarly, costume is symbolic, not something modelled from the contemporary fashion books. It must be imaginative, with the idea that the costume betrays the man. Thus he says:—"For example, make a barbaric costume; and a barbaric costume for a sly man which has nothing about it which can be said to be historical, and yet is both sly and barbaric. Now make another design for another barbaric costume, for a man who is bold and tender. Now a third for one who is ugly and vindictive. It will be an exercise." Far be it from a mere layman to say it will not. Possibly a key might be furnished with the programmes, and the audience would know at once the heavy villain from the dashing hero, the false deceiver from the sweet *ingénue*, and he would be spared a racking of nerves lest the noble young man should turn out to be but a well-disguised scoundrel, or the tempted soul should fall into the jaws of ruin. The costume would tell all. But even the uninitiated layman can see the good sense in designing costume for a crowd as for a crowd and not for a collection of individuals. The crowd is to be costumed as a composite whole and not with reference to a lot of separate persons.

So far and for the most part so good. The stage is a convention and not real life, and to introduce crass realism into the

performance of a play is as inappropriate as to use the unselected speech of the street for dialogue. Artificiality may under certain circumstances be a higher form of art than naturalness. But when Mr. Craig goes farther and treats the actor also as a bit of symbolism, we must let him go alone. Acting, he says, is not an art, and the actor is not an artist. "For accident is an enemy of the artist. Art is the exact antithesis of pandemonium, and pandemonium is created by the tumbling together of many accidents. Art arrives only by design, therefore in order to make any work of art it is clear we may only work in those materials with which we can calculate. Man is not one of these materials." For the actor's mind is never able to control his emotions, and as a consequence his body and all its movements are at the mercy of these uncontrolled emotions; hence accidents are continually occurring. One may be willing to admit that no actor has ever performed a play perfectly, and more than willing to admit that many perform it abominably; but so one might contend that there is no absolutely perfect work of art in any department of æsthetics. Its very perfection would be a fault like the pictures of Browning's "faultless painter." But this admission does not mean that an imperfect performance is necessarily not a work of art. Booth in *Hamlet*, it is said, would follow the same line of movement night after night without varying an inch, and no one can say that he showed any lack of feeling or that his body was the mere prey of his emotions. And music, which is to Mr. Craig the art of arts, is subject to the same limitations in that the human body must be controlled to call out music from the instrument. The difference is one of degree, not of kind.

Since now the actor, according to Mr. Craig, is not an artist, the only thing to do is to get rid of him and in his place to put the über-marionette. This is a glorified puppet with beautiful symbolic movements, grave grace, and infinite subtlety of eye, such as is told of by "the old Greek traveller of 800 B.C.," whoever he may be. This puppet becomes the spirit, the symbol of motion, and all that goes with the uttered word has vanished! But how can movement make up for utterance, seeing for hearing and seeing? Even if more perfect movement were gained by

the marionette, it would not satisfy the desire for the flash of dialogue, the play of emotion, the electric contact of soul with soul through the touch of living personalities. How, too, could the marionette be made to fit into the presentation of a play of involved structure and conflicting passions? The moving-picture show might as well attempt to displace the spoken drama. Mr. Craig had better leave the über-marionettes of remote Egyptian antiquity undisturbed in their silent temples. He is here pushing the classical idea of art to absurd limits. Severe repression of emotion may become as repellent to high art as emotional excess. Art does not cease with the preponderance of the intellectual or of the emotional. The Augustan age and the romantic revival are both in the province of literary art.

One cannot always accept Mr. Craig's statements of alleged fact. Thus on what authority does he say that "In the beginning the human body was not used as material in the Art of the Theatre. . . . An elephant and a tiger in an arena suited the taste better." When was the "beginning"? One is irritated, too, by the occasional vagueness of Mr. Craig's references, as on page 93, where he says "it is on record," and not knowing we cannot tell. Moreover, so often does he abuse the other side that the reader instinctively wishes to take a brief for the defence. One would suppose, for instance, that the actor always tore his passions to tatters, and that sanity and conscientious work on the part of the actor were something unknown,—that is, while Mr. Craig is driving home his point about the actor not being an artist. But notwithstanding these faults the book is well worth while, and as long as Mr. Craig keeps his feet on the ground and does not try to construct castles among the clouds, he delivers a message we cannot afford to neglect. His theatre-college is an ideal we should wish to see realized, but his über-marionettes in their vacuous placidity of countenance are no better material for dramatic presentation than their degenerate descendants of the Punch and Judy show.

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BOOK REVIEWS

LECTURES ON POETRY. By J. W. MACKAIL. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.00 *net*.

ESSENTIALS OF POETRY. By W. A. Neilson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 *net*.

Professor Mackail's volume, which embodies lectures he delivered at Oxford as Professor of Poetry, has several good ideas that would have furnished forth an admirable essay, but which are scarcely adequate to a book. His justification for attempting to say anything new upon poetry lies in his theory of poetry as a progressive development, an interpretation of life renewed from age to age. If it is the critic's function to interpret the interpretation, his office has precisely the durability of poetry itself, to which no boundaries of time can be set. And because poetry lives and develops with an organic energy of its own, it is hardly a paradox to affirm that a new Homer and a new Shakespeare are born in every generation, and it is equally true that the last word can never be spoken of any product of genius, whether of the immediate present or the remotest past.

But Mr. Mackail is less concerned with justifying the critic's function than with illustrating the inexhaustible energy of poetry itself and investigating the sources of its power. The introductory essay covers familiar ground. The writer examines in turn, with ingenious comment, the famous extant definitions of poetry, which we are forced to recognize as affording rather an impressionistic suggestion than a comprehensive definition of what poetry may be. Exactitude must not be sought, and a poet in a flying phrase often gives a flash of the hidden significance of poetry which eludes the most rigorous and scientific search. The dicta of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley are too familiar to repeat here. Mr. Mackail is most impressed by a pregnant remark of the poet Yeats which the precisian would find too vague in its application, and which yet seems to give a hint of the ideal content of poetry, and of its power to perpetuate under a form of beauty the fleeting shapes and images of the phenomenal world. "'Poetry,' says Mr. W. B.

Yeats, himself a poet whose technical mastery of the art is indisputable, 'is an endeavor to condense out of the flying vapours of the world an image of human perfection.' It is true, and beautifully said; it cannot be called a definition, but it seems at least to give us a glimpse in clear outline of the thing itself which is to be defined. . . . Subtle and ethereal as it is, fragile and fleeting as its incarnations appear to be, poetry is nevertheless more real, more substantial, than those flying vapors which constitute what we call the real world, and which in poetry are condensed and acquire permanence; which in poetry, and in poetry alone, become real in the highest sense."

Mr. Mackail, after traversing the field of poetic theory, proffers a definition of his own, wherein he seeks to incorporate and systematize ideas which had hitherto existed in diffusion. In his definition he properly takes into account both form and content. Poetry on its formal and technical side is a material art, and is limited and to that extent controlled by the medium in which it works—language. Even, therefore, if we could make abstraction of its spiritual content, poetry would still have all the progressive life of which human speech itself is capable. The sculptor works in a perpetually unchanging medium, the stony ribs of the earth which are to-day what they were a million years ago; the painter has his circumscribed range of pigments, the musician his definite scale of notes from which to fashion his 'star'; but the poet's scale of speech has all the infinite diversity of life itself, it is the reservoir into which are perennially poured the spiritual agonies and exultations of the human race. Therefore, not only from age to age but from country to country, poetry is ever on its formal side a perpetual new birth. Viewed under the aspect of its intellectual and spiritual content, we can set no bounds to the work which poetry is capable of performing. It has its charter of eternity, or will vanish only with life itself. Its temporary eclipses are merely the evidences of adaptation. Its neglect by heedless multitudes does not invalidate its title to perpetuity. It may be a mystery how so many people can do without poetry in their lives—they perhaps get all the poetry they deserve out of a tender beefsteak or a rise of prices on 'change—the fact still

remains and holds true even for this materialistic age that a humanity which should cease to produce poetry and to value the product is unthinkable.

While discriminating poetry on its technical side from poetry in its more essential aspect, Mr. Mackail recognizes that the two are necessarily interwoven. On its formal side, poetry as contrasted with prose is "patterned language," and "if the technical art of poetry consists in making patterns out of language, the essential and vital function of poetry will be analogous; it will be to make patterns out of life." This, in brief, is Mr. Mackail's definition of poetry, which with considerable skill he elaborates and defends. If it be objected that the boundaries of prose and poetry are not sufficiently indicated, he would answer, not by denying form to prose, but by asserting that prose is not "patterned speech" inasmuch as it lacks the principle of "repeat," or recurrent rhythm. In the last part of his definition he states what is true of poetry, but what is alike true of every art which is governed by the principles of rejection, selection, and arrangement.

Superficially considered, the volume lacks unity—the essays on "Virgil," the "Æneid," and "Arabian Lyric Poetry," standing in no obvious relation with, for example, the essays on "Shakespeare's Sonnets," "Keats," and "The Poetry of Oxford." Outside of his special province of Latin literature, Mr. Mackail's scholarship is not extensive or thorough, and the treatment of Arabian poetry and of the technical question of the sonnets is not satisfactory. The essay on "Imagination" lacks the quality of its title, and is on the one hand too little concrete and on the other hand too unphilosophical to have lasting value.

Professor Neilson's *Essentials of Poetry* like the book already reviewed, is based upon a series of lectures, and it has not quite extricated itself from the lecture manner. While this may make it less satisfactory as literature, it probably enhances its practical value, since from the platform every point has to be clearly made even at the risk of occasional obviousness. Therefore, we find everything extremely lucid, orderly, and business-

like in this book; there is a wealth of concrete illustration to enforce the points; and there is none of the esoteric theorizing that must occasionally have slipped past the intelligences even of the Oxford audiences which Professor Mackail was addressing. Professor Neilson's desire is apparently to insist on the balance of qualities that poetry, to be good poetry, must possess. There must first be structural ability, which is a classical quality involving artistic control of the imaginative impulse. There must also be contact with the facts of life to provide the realistic ingredient of all enduring poetry, and finally the imaginative energy must not be lacking, which alone is capable of vivifying the results of observation. This free play of the imagination Professor Neilson considers to be the distinguishing feature of romanticism, all its other peculiarities—its subjectivity, its mediævalism, its impatience of formal restraint, its return to nature—being subsidiary and accidental qualities. Classicism, narrowly considered, would correspond therefore with the faculty of reason, romanticism with the faculty of imagination, and realism with the sense of fact. These preliminaries to the discussion disposed of, the book proceeds to deal with the essential qualities of classicism, realism, and romanticism as they are found separately in the lesser poets or in unison and balance in the greater. It is the lesser men of any given period who show extreme tendencies. "The supreme artists at their best rise above conflict and propaganda, and are known, not by the intensity of their partisanship, but by the perfection of their balance."

As has been said, many concrete examples are introduced in illustration of the points to be enforced. In the light of Professor Neilson's ideas, what are we to say of such a lyric as Shelley's "Oh World! Oh Life! Oh Time!"? It has intensity of imaginative phrasing and emotion. Is it therefore romantic? It has, if not restraint, at least orderly arrangement. Is it therefore classical? It has not more than the usual Shelleyan contact with reality. Is it therefore a defective poem, inasmuch as it does not display a perfect blending of all the qualities that we are told combine in greatness? Similarly with Shakespeare, who is quoted as the supreme exemplar of the fusion of these

qualities, what classical principle in the Aristotelian sense is discoverable in his plots? These are surely romantic as we understand the term, and we grasp at a slender support for our contention if in his case we set to the credit of 'classicism' the intellectual control exhibited in all the passages when his imagination is working at highest tension. Surely, every poet who has imaginatively realized his subject would be under the same contention classical. The weakness of Professor Neilson's plea will be best evidenced, however, by reference to the pages (pp. 20 ff.) when he seeks to exhibit this so-called fusion of qualities in Shakespeare. We at once discover that there is no fusion in question at all. First we have a passage from his *Venus and Adonis* which exhibits Shakespeare as realist; then a carefully reasoned, argumentative speech from *Troilus and Cressida* which reveals the classicist, and finally Prospero's memorable speech in *The Tempest*, adduced as evidence of Shakespeare's supreme imaginative power (query, romantic?). "In such a passage the imagination of the poet *rides above details of observation and links of argument*, and, like an eagle soaring sunwards in vast spirals *above the sights and sounds of the actual world*, draws us up and up, *till the faculties lose themselves* in an attempt to penetrate the infinite. Such are the supreme achievements of the imagination."

If the main thesis of the book is not satisfactorily sustained, it is because the author has sought to make a trenchant line of demarcation between certain qualities of poetry and then again arbitrarily to combine them. It is probably possible to arrive at a working definition of romanticism, realism, and classicism; but it is a dangerous experiment. These terms are, after all, what the practice of the poets and the consent of the world have made them, and it is probably safest to remain within the conventional acceptance of their meaning. Like Spenser's allegory in the *Faerie Queene*, they "won't bite you." Realism is perhaps constant in its meaning, though there is a realism of the imagination, and a realism according to fact. Classicism is less single in its significance, and romanticism may be one or more of many things. It would confuse the issue to consider imagination its dominant note.

PELHAM EDGAR.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. A Critical Biography (Authorized). By Archibald Henderson. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company. \$5.00 net.

"If he really does think there is no distinction between virtue and vice, when he leaves the house, Sir, let us count the spoons." Thus Dr. Johnson strides through the cobwebs of sophistry straight to the most important fact about any creed. "By their fruits ye shall know them." It is probable that many begin by thinking of Mr. Shaw as a man not to be trusted with the spoons in any sense, actual or figurative. The writer remembers being told by the daughter of an Englishman prominent in letters that she would "not like to meet Bernard Shaw—he was too slimey." And, of course, the object of this distrust has been advertising himself as dangerous with something of the assiduity—however different the ingenuity and wit—employed by the commercial promoter of a mechanical safety device. Nevertheless, the opinion has gradually grown that Shaw is not essentially a bad or silly man, and Mr. Henderson's book is important testimony on this point. For those still misinformed, here is ample evidence that the subject of this biography is no moral sneak-thief.

To many there will be something rather disappointing about the final showing-up of G. B. S.—even though it be a showing-up on "the side of the angels." Mr. Shaw, who has in private life long done good by stealth, must now blush to find it fame. And in a similar way his philosophy, which was popularly supposed to be a sort of diabolism tempered with insanity, now takes its place with a definite relation to the historical schools of thought. Indeed, a good deal of it is only Emerson lifted down from the dusty shelf of Respectability where unworthy worshippers have enshrined their idol, and endowed with the fight and fun of an Irishman. Boiled down and bottled up for the use of a Graded School Syllabus (and to such base uses all return to-day), the essence of Shaw (or, as he calls it, "the G. B. e-Ssense") amounts to the Sacredness of the dictates of one's own Individuality. "Let him who thinks this an easy gospel," he quotes from Emerson, "try it for a day."

But however the professional philosopher may survive such a

boiling-down process, it is manifestly unfair to the philosopher who expresses himself through the medium of witty and satiric essay and drama. Mr. Chesterton, comparing Catholicism to port wine and Protestantism to ale, has called Shaw a glass of effervescing soda-water. The comparison is unjust, but it suggests the impossibility of the condensation of the author's humor. And Shaw's humor is not the least serious part of a man fundamentally serious. Nearly half a century ago Matthew Arnold wrote: "My vivacity is but the last sparkle of flame before we are all in the dark, the last glimpse of color before we all go into the drab." Strangely uninspired prophecy! For while he wrote, Bernard Shaw was a little boy in Dublin, and a few years later Gilbert K. Chesterton was to be born in London. If it is complained that these gentlemen have erred in the direction of frivolity, it cannot be denied that more have sinned through over-solemnity. Fashions change. Young people for a quarter of a century after Arnold wrote were inclined to think sorrow and solemnity the prime requisite of good intellectual manners and to declare an inky cloak of philosophic pessimism the only wear. "Life is short," said the lady who sympathized with Diana of the Crossways, and the latter answered: "Yes, but the platitudes concerning it are endless."

For those inclined to dismiss him in the profound spirit of that brilliant critic who once headed a review with the single word "Pshaw!", Mr. Henderson's testimony will be instructive as showing how hard the supposed trifler and *poseur* worked to lay the basis of his economic and sociologic knowledge. Everyone knows the passionately earnest asseverator of Triviality. Shaw is his antithesis: the laughing spokesman of Truth.

"But," it may be objected, "granting that Shaw is all this, what is his quarrel with such a product of the earlier generation as Thackeray?" The younger satirist has made some severe criticisms of the older, and the comparison of the two is interesting. The difference is largely that the later satirist believes himself a constructive reformer as well. And of course Socialism is the heart's desire to which Mr. Shaw would more nearly mould the shape of society after shattering to bits the present economic basis. But perhaps an even greater difference be-

tween the two is that Shaw more vigorously believes in belief itself.

Mr. Henderson's volume is full of amusing and interesting matter, but it is so full that it would gain by condensation. Five hundred and twelve pages, not to mention Introduction and Prefaces, make an unsuitably big book to deal with one particularly famous for terse epigram. The fact that the author is an American and a Southerner is noteworthy. Shaw demands particular attention in our country where the more cultured readers are apt to value tradition so highly that they even prefer to manufacture than do without it, while the less cultured readers are inclined to distrust intellect as something too academic or ideal to deal with the day's practical questions. For the first class Shaw's antinomianism is a healthy corrective which says: "See how absurd a thing Good Form may prove after you've got it. To the seeing eye Good Form is often such very bad form." And to the second class Shaw proves that the advanced thinker is not necessarily an ineffectual, a pessimist, or an anarchist. For—however fiercely Mr. Shaw himself might repudiate my approbation—I believe him to be a force that makes for order and for hope.

L. WARDLAW MILES.

STATESMEN OF THE OLD SOUTH; OR FROM RADICALISM TO CONSERVATIVE REVOLT. By William E. Dodd. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Professor Dodd's little volume consists of studies of the lives of Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, and Jefferson Davis. Thus as to the title and as to the biographical treatment one is at once reminded of Professor Trent's *Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime*, published some fifteen years ago. A comparison of the books is interesting both in the similarities which appear and in the marked contrasts which are found. Both are based on more or less popular lectures, and both treat of these three men,—Jefferson, Calhoun, and Davis,—though Professor Trent also gave sketches of Washington, John Randolph of Roanoke, Alexander H. Stephens, and Robert Toombs. Both represent a critical attitude toward their subjects, far removed from the

blind praise of too many biographical studies of this sort. Each writer has made history interesting, and writes with a delightful style.

But a further examination reveals very real contrasts. Professor Trent's work was frankly based, for the most part, upon secondary materials, while that of Professor Dodd, though only an occasional footnote appears, breathes through every line an intimate acquaintance with the source-material. Again, in the point of view the two works differ greatly. The "expulsive power of a new affection" was strong in Professor Trent, and, Virginian though he was, his book assumed at the outset the standpoint of Webster's construction of the Constitution of the United States and of Abraham Lincoln's ideas as to negro slavery. Hence his tone in speaking of the Southern leaders was always one of forgiving regret. In Professor Dodd we have another man of Southern birth, another sharp critic of the policies of the men about whom he writes, but one that takes a more healthy, aggressive view of the greatness of Calhoun and Davis, and who notes with more sympathetic appreciation their qualities of constructive statesmanship.

While couched in biographical terms, Dr. Dodd's book is really a philosophy of the history of the South before the War. He presents the thesis that the Democratic party began its career in the formative Jeffersonian period as a rational, frontier, idealist party; under Calhoun it took up the defence of the special form of property which the South possessed in its slaves, when, from an *a priori* standpoint, the defence of this property might have continued in the care of the National Republicans,—the later Whigs, who were the party of wealth and vested interests. Finally, under Jefferson Davis, the Democratic party in the South stood for the belief that Slavery was "a divinely established order of things for which all true Southerners must take up arms," or, in other words, had become definitely the party of vested interests, similar, as far as the differing conditions permit comparison, to the "magnates who exploit the country and rule the Senate in 1911."

How far this explanation of the Civil War is a correct induction from the documentary sources is a matter about which,

we imagine, there will be some difference of opinion. In the very interesting Diary of Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles accounts for the typical psychical characteristics of the South Carolinians of 1860 by recalling that that generation of South Carolina's children had been brought up on the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Doubtless there is some truth in this diagnosis; but it will hardly be accepted,—and was not intended,—as a full philosophy of Secession. So, in a far deeper and more serious way, Professor Dodd has advanced a thesis which is full of interest and which is most ably supported: but it will be better discussed as a thesis than accepted as a final analysis.

A conspicuous merit of Professor Dodd's little volume is found in the firm touch with which the author summarizes the importance to the larger issues of the period of the parts played by the lesser men who surrounded the protagonists. As illustrations may be cited the influence exerted, at critical times, by Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, and by Thomas Ritchie, of the Richmond *Enquirer*. What a need there is for scientific biographies of just such men!

It is to be regretted that, with such excellent historical content and with such an attractive exterior, there should have crept into the little book a number of minor errors, some of them errors of proof-reading, which give to the captious opportunity for fault-finding. At the very end of the book, the phrase, "A negro has no rights which a white man need respect," is so used by Professor Dodd as to make possible the impression, surely unfortunate, that he conceives this to have been a legal doctrine declared by the Dred Scott Decision. ST. G. L. S.

KENTUCKY IN THE NATION'S HISTORY. By Robert McNutt McElroy.
New York: Moffatt, Yard & Company. \$5.00.

In this stout volume by Professor McElroy, of Princeton University, we have a work of great interest and value. Professor McElroy has enjoyed the privilege of an extended use of the valuable library of Colonel Durrett in Louisville. As would be expected, the early history bulks large: one third of the

volume carries the narrative through the period of settlement, the Revolution, the affair of Genet and George Rogers Clark, and the difficulties contemporaneous with the Pinckney Treaty. The Kentucky Resolutions are discussed in an excellent chapter of fifty pages. The next chapters treat of Kentucky's relation to the Louisiana Purchase, the Burr Conspiracy, and the War of 1812. After a briefer handling of the experiences which the State had in banking and "relief," the narrative takes up the War with Mexico. The concluding chapters deal with Clay's later days, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and Kentucky's attempt, in 1860-1861, to occupy a position of neutrality between the North and the South. Dr. McElroy adds an extensive bibliography of Kentucky history and a good index. The illustrations consist of photographic presentations of portraits of Clay, Boone, Wilkinson, and Clark, of documents connected with the story of the Kentucky Resolutions, and of a newspaper reprint of Lincoln's statement to General S. B. Buckner with reference to his policy in regard to Kentucky.

Professor McElroy's work is rather a history of Kentuckians than one of Kentucky. As a narrative of action military and political the book is excellent. One misses the expected analysis, in other fields than finance, of the economic life of the State, and of the interrelation of this life with that of the West as a whole and with that of the nation. For example, there is not a word as to the controversy between Kentucky and Virginia over the rights of the "occupying claimants" under the land laws of Virginia, though the resentment of Kentucky against the adverse decision in this matter of the Supreme Court of the United States led to a most severe attack on the Federal judiciary and to one of the most bitter expressions of States-rights sentiment.

St. G. L. S.

PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN IN VIRGINIA; OR THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOCIAL CLASSES OF THE OLD DOMINION. By T. J. Wertenbaker. University, Virginia: Published by the author.

More interesting as a compilation of illustrative material than impressive as a contribution to knowledge is Mr. T. A. Wertenbaker's doctoral dissertation. From the Sainsbury Calendar of

State Papers Mr. Wertenbaker has gleaned some valuable notes as to the landgrabbing of the official class in Virginia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He has also used to good advantage the accounts of travellers, Hening's Statutes, and the Virginia Magazine of History and Biography;—though of the last we learn with some surprise that "it throws its influence" on this or that side of a question and that "it says" so-and-so. Beyond these sources Mr. Wertenbaker seems to have drawn chiefly from the writings of John Fiske and, to far better purpose, from those of Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce. There is no evidence that Mr. Wertenbaker has gone to the county courthouses of Virginia to examine for himself the rich materials which these manuscript records afford for social history.

Mr. Wertenbaker develops the now rather familiar thesis that the aristocratic features which characterized Virginia in the period before 1860 were not derived from England but were the product of the economy of the colony itself. He maintains that the Virginia aristocracy was descended from English mercantile families rather than from the families of ancient lineage in the mother country. In a bibliographical note, however, he concedes that Dr. Bruce has amassed a "startling array of individual cases" which indicate the contrary,—a discovery which one would expect to find noticed in the text. A most curious omission is that of any criticism of the concept of antebellum Virginia itself. Mr. Wertenbaker seems to start out with Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's idealization of that truly fine and noble society, which, however, like all others, did not wholly realize its high ideals.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Wertenbaker's grasp of the general history of the colonies is not to be measured by his account of the commercial legislation of England with regard to the American colonies. His statement of the content of the act of 1672, for example, would certainly raise a doubt as to whether he had ever read that act.

ST. GEORGE L. SIOUSSAT.

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. By Frank William Taussig. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

Professor Taussig's long experience as a teacher of economics and his accepted authority as an acute writer on some of the most complicated problems in modern economic life will give an assured position to his general work on Economic Science in which it appears to us he has most happily mastered the various difficulties that stand in the way of preparing a satisfactory textbook. Many economic specialists have taken in hand the work of condensing principles of the subject. The tendency is, however, to condense so much that the ordinary student is left with a series of generalizations and fails to gain any sense of proportion of the subjects that are treated. Professor Taussig wisely presents his material at such length and is guided by such admirable standards of arrangement that the standpoint of modern economics, in reference to the complex conditions of the world of to-day, is given without any sacrifice of thoroughness, and yet his book does not presuppose the kind of training which is needed to use profitably such works as Marshall's *Principles of Economics* or Boehn-Bawerk's classical treatise on Capital and Interest. To speak of Professor Taussig's ability to hold his own on questions of a controversial character is almost superfluous, yet in these two volumes the personal element is carefully subordinated and the reader gains an impression that there is, in the study of economics, a large body of ascertained facts and established theories. The hand of the experienced lecturer is pretty evident throughout these volumes, and for that reason it is admirably adapted for the more advanced work in undergraduate courses in a college. No student can fail to be impressed with the reality of the questions that economic study brings up, nor would it be easy to find a more reliable guide than the Harvard professor. While pedagogically satisfactory, this praise does not imply that one need accept Dr. Taussig's position as final. Often times he lacks suggestiveness, and there is none of the splendid social enthusiasm nor the solid historical erudition that one finds in Professor Schmoller's work. The general attitude of the writer of the two volumes is that of an enlightened individualism, modified,

however, in a more liberal direction than was permitted under the rule of classical political economy. Professor Taussig may be described as an opportunist who is content to analyze present-day conditions in the light of what may be called the economist's sufficient reason that does not venture to probe very far in one direction or the other. But, in any case, the reading of such a book is sure to enforce the lesson of honesty of purpose, of clearness of vision in the building up of politically qualified citizenship.

W. L. BEVAN.

MEMOIR OF E. C. WICKHAM. By Lonsdale Ragg. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. \$2.10.

In writing of the life of Dean Wickham its author, the Reverend Lonsdale Ragg, has evidently performed the labor of love, and on every page of this biography there are proofs that the characteristic type of English scholarship is fully calculated to bring out those elements of personal sympathy that make a biographer's task legitimate. To the public as a whole, the life of a quiet, uneventful career may seem hardly worth while recording at all; the ordinary incidents of political biography are altogether absent, nor is there any opportunity to introduce those features of general comment on contemporaries which are certain to find a place in the lives of great literary artists. Dean Wickham can be placed in neither of these two categories, nor did he come to play an active or conspicuous part in the history of the English Church during the latter half of the nineteenth century; yet it is a good thing to have presented to us with such good taste just those traits in the life of a scholarly teacher and ecclesiastic which, simply because they were found in the example of the Dean of Wickham, must be produced in the careers of hosts of other members of the Anglican clergy. Without having in any sphere aggressive instincts, Wickham's sensitiveness to the ethical obligation of the teacher's life made him take a leading rôle in the reforming movement, which began in Oxford in the sixties and has brought that ancient university into closer contact with the specific needs of a new world of thought. Quiet and unobtrusive as he was, in matters of

principle he was inflexible, and one can see in these pages how men who were more in the public eye than he was were influenced by his advice, and how often they sought his counsel. His call to a more public position, that of the deanery of Lincoln, was due to Mr. Gladstone, and though in every respect he most conscientiously performed the duties of the head of a great cathedral church, there was nothing in Dean Wickham's administration that caused him to take a notable position. As a commentator on Horace, the dean fully realized the delicacy of his task, and so thoroughly appreciated the temperament of his original that his edition of the great Augustan poet is certain to be consulted by all Horace enthusiasts, even though in his notes and translations there can be found no striking discoveries or new departures.

W. L. BEVAN.

STATE SOCIALISM IN NEW ZEALAND. By James Edward Le Rossignol. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company. \$1.50.

New Zealand may be called, without exaggeration, an experiment station in sociology, and therefore such a book as that prepared by J. E. Le Rossignol, of the University of Denver, and W. D. Stewart, a New Zealand barrister, deserves a hearty welcome. The details of governmental administrations in regard to land tenure, railway control, public finance, old age pensions, state fire insurance, labor arbitration, are carefully and clearly given. It is interesting to know that wages in Denver are higher than they are in New Zealand, the only exception being that unskilled labor seems both in Australia and in New Zealand to be better remunerated than in the United States. As to the prices of food and clothing, we learn that a workingman can buy clothes as cheap in Denver as in Wellington, though they would not be made to order for an equivalent price; but the prices of meat, especially mutton, are much lower in New Zealand. Asiatic immigration is practically prohibited through the imposition of the dictation test, which it would be practically impossible for anyone but an English-speaking laboring man to pass; and in the opinion of the authors of this book, the success of the New Zealand experiment in collectivism has been made

possible only because the islands are isolated from the rest of the world. So advantageous is their position in this respect that the authors of this work regret that the New Zealanders have shown a willingness to adopt a more radical social experiment. For example, the institution of private property is still held to as the ideal for public and private prosperity, and nothing as yet has affected New Zealand for the benefit of the discontented class of laborers who have not saved enough by labor to take advantage of the liberal land legislation of the government. The farmers support the principle of the freehold of land, while there is already in existence a group of labor rights leaders who are agitating for a thorough-going system of land nationalization.

W. L. BEVAN.

THE BEN GREET SHAKESPEARE for Young Readers and Amateur Players.
The Tempest and A Midsummer-Night's Dream. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

If all the volumes of the Ben Greet Shakespeare measure up to the standard of the two already published, the series should do much to vitalize our supreme dramatist. Indeed, it might well be placed, along with Lamb's *Tales*, in the library of every high school, where it should not only promote interest in Shakespeare, but be a constant source of helpfulness in the study of plays as plays.

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GARLAND GREEVER.

BOOK NOTES

English Composition Teaching. Ninth edition, revised, of the preliminary report of the committee of the Modern Language Association, with additional matter on the comparative cost of English and other teaching. Lawrence, Kansas: Department of Journalism Press, April, 1912. Five cents postpaid, special rate in quantity.

In *Huxley and Education* (Scribner's), an address at the opening of the college year, Columbia University, September 28, 1910, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn presents as the main lesson of Huxley's life and as the result of his own experience the thesis that productive thinking is the chief means as well as the chief end of education, and emphasizes this idea as especially essential at this time when so much of our school and college education consists chiefly in the "learning of facts and memory thereof."

Other books, some of which will be given fuller notice in a subsequent issue, have been received as follows: *A History of American Literature*, by W. B. Carns (Oxford University Press); *English Literature*, by J. C. Metcalf (B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.); *A Legend of the Rose and Other Poems*, by Leyland Huckfield (published by the author in Minneapolis, Minnesota); *The Overture and Other Poems*, by J. B. Fletcher (Macmillan); *The Hamlet Problem and its Solution*, by Emerson Venable (Stewart & Kidd); *The Gospels*, by Leighton Pullan, *Catherine Sidney*, by Francis Deming Hoyt (Longmans); *Sidney Lanier at Rockingham Springs*, by John W. Wayland (Ruebush Elkins Co., Dayton, Virginia); *The Philosophy of the Future*, by S. S. Hebbard (Maspeth Publishing House, New York); *The Rowley Poems*, by Thomas Chatterton, reprinted from Tyrwhitt's Third Edition, edited, with an Introduction, by Maurice Evans Hare (Oxford University Press); *Health in Home and Town*, by Bertha M. Brown, *Selections from Chaucer*, edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Clarence Griffin Child (Heath).

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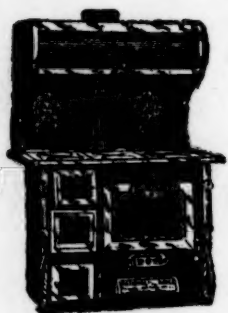
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